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Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER III.

A Skull and a Flirtation.

It was late afternoon when they came into Lac Bain, and as soon as Philip had turned over the colonel and his wife to Breed, he hurried to his own cabin. At the door he encountered Buck Nome. The two men had not met since a month before at Nelson House, and there was but little cordiality in Steele's greeting as he went through the formality of shaking hands with his associate.

"I'm going to say howdy to 'em," explained Nome, pausing for a moment. "Deuce of a good joke on you, Steele! How do you like the job of bringing in an old colonel's frozen wife, or a frozen colonel's old wife, eh?"

Every fiber in Steele's body grew tense at the banter in the other's voice. He whirled upon Nome, who had partly turned away. "You remember—you lied down there at Nelson to get just such a 'job' as this," he reminded. "Have you forgotten what happened—after that?"

"Don't get miffed about it, man," returned Nome with an irritating laugh. "All's fair in love and war. That was love down there, 'pon my word of honor it was, and this is about as near the other thing as I want to come."

There was something in his laugh that drew Steele's lips in a tight line as he entered the cabin. It was not the first time that he had listened to Nome's gloating chuckle at the mention of certain women. It was this more than anything else that made him hate the man. Physically, Nome was a magnificent specimen, beyond doubt the handsomest man in the service north of Winnipeg; so that while other men despised him for what they knew, women admired and loved him—until, now and then too late for their own salvation, they discovered that his moral code was rotten to the core. Such a thing had happened at Nelson House, and Philip felt himself burning with a desire to choke the life out of Nome as he recalled the tragedy there. And what would happen—now?" The thought came to him like a dash of cold water, and yet, after a moment, his teeth gleamed in a smile as a vision rose before him of the love and purity which he had seen in the sweet face of the colonel's wife. He chuckled softly to himself as he dragged out a pack from under his bunk; but there was no humor in the chuckle. From it he took a bundle wrapped in soft birch-bark, and from this produced the skull that he had brought up with him from the south. There was a tremble of excitement in his low laugh as he glanced about the gloomy interior of the cabin. From the log ceiling hung a big oil lamp with a tin reflector, and under this he hung the skull.

"You'll make a pretty ornament, M'sieur Janette," he exclaimed, standing off to contemplate the white thing leering and bobbing at him from the end of its string. "Mon Dieu, I tell you when the lamp is lighted Bucky Nome must be blind if he doesn't recognize you, even though you're dead, M'sieur!"

He lighted a smaller lamp, shaved himself, and changed his clothes. It was dark when he was ready for supper, and Nome had not returned. He waited a quarter of an hour longer, then put on his cap and coat and lighted the big oil lamp. At the door he turned to look back. The cavernous sockets of the skull stared at him. From where he stood he could see the ragged hole above the ear.

"It's your game tonight, M'sieur Janette," he cried back softly, and closed the door behind him.

They were gathered before a huge fire of logs in the factor's big living room when Philip joined the others. A glance told him why Nome had not returned to the cabin. Preed and the colonel were smoking cigars over a ragged ledger of stupendous size, which the factor had spread out upon a small table, and both were deeply absorbed. Mrs. Becker was facing the fire, and close beside her sat Nome, leaning toward her and talking in a voice so low that only a murmur of it came to Steele's ears. The man's face was flushed when he looked up, and his eyes shone with the old fire which made Philip hate him.

As the woman turned to greet him Steele felt a suddenly sickening sensation grip at his heat. Her cheeks, too, were flushed, and the color in them deepened still more when he bowed to her and joined the two men at the table. The colonel shook hands with him, and Philip noticed that once or twice after that his eyes shifted uneasily in the direction of the two before the fire, and that whenever the low laughter of Mrs. Becker and Nome come to them he paid less attention to the colums of figures which Breed was pointing out to him.

When they rose to go to supper, Philip's blood boiled as Nome offered his arm to Mrs. Becker, who accepted it with a swift, laughing glance at the colonel. There was no response in the older man's pale face, and Philip's fingers dug hard into the palms of his hands. At the table Nome's attentions to Mrs. Becker were even more marked. Once, under pretext of helping her to a dish, he whispered words which brought a deeper flush to her cheeks, and when she looked at the colonel his eyes were fixed upon her in stern reproof. It was abominable! Was Nome mad? Was the woman—

Steele did not finish the thought in his own mind. His eyes encountered those of the colonel's wife across the table. He saw a sudden, quick catch of breath in her throat; even as he looked the flush faded from her face, and she rose from her seat, her gaze still upon him.

"I—I am not feeling well," she said. "Will you please excuse me?"

In an instant Nome was at her side, but she turned quickly from him to the colonel, who had risen from his chair.

"Please take me to my room," she begged. "Then—then you can come back."

Once more her face turned to Steele. There was a pallor in it now that startled him. For a few moments he stood alone, as Breed and Nome left the table. He listened and heard the opening and closing of a second door. Then a footstep, and Nome reappeared.

"By heaven, but she's a beauty!" he exclaimed. "I tell you, Steele—"

Something in his companion's eyes stopped him. Two red spots burned in Steele's cheeks as he advanced and gripped the other fiercly by the arm.

"Yes, she is pretty—very pretty," he said quietly, his fingers sinking deeper into Nome's arm. "Get your hat and coat, Nome. I want to see you in the cabin."

Behind them the door opened and closed again and Steel shoved past his associate to meet Breed.

"Buck and I have a little matter to attend to over at the cabin," he explained. "When they—when the colonel returns tell him we'll be over to smoke an after supper pipe with him a little later, will you? And give our compliments to—her." With a half-sneer on his lips he rejoined Nome, who stared hard at him, and followed him through the outer door.

"Now, what the devil does this mean?" Nome demanded when they were outside. "If you have anything on your mind, Steele—"

"I have," interrupted Philip, "and I'm going to relieve myself of it. Pretty? She's as beautiful as an angel, Buck—the colonel's wife, I mean. And you—" He laughed harshly. "You're always the lucky dog, Buck Nome. You think she's half in love with you now. Too bad she was taken ill just at the psychological moment, as you might say, Buck. Wonder what was the matter?"

"Don't know," growled Nome, conscious of something in the other's voice which darkness concealed in his face.

"Of course, you don't," replied Steele. "That's why I am bringing you over to the cabin. I am going to tell you just what happened when Mrs. Becker was taken ill, and when she turned a trifle pale, if you noticed sharply, Buck. It's a good joke, a mighty good joke, and I know you will thoroughly appreciate it."

He drew a step back when they came near the cabin, and Nome entered first. Very cooly Philip turned and bolted the door. Then, throwing off his coat, he pointed to the white skull dangling under the lamp.

"Allow me to introduce an old friend of Mine, Buck—M'sieur Janette, of Neyson House."

With a sudden curse Nome leaped toward his companion, his face flaming, his hands clenched to strike—only to look into the shining muzzle of Steele's revolver, with Steele's cold gray eyes glittering dangerously behind it.

"Sit down, Nome—right there, under the man you killed!" he commanded. "Sit down, or by the gods I'll blow your head off where you stand! There—and I'll sit here, like this, so that the cur's heart within you is a bull's-eye for this gun. It's M'sieur Janette's turn tonight," he went on, leaning over the little table, the red spots in his cheeks growing redder and brighter as Nome cringed before his revolver. "M'sieur Janette's—and the colonel's; but mostly Janette's. Remember that, Nome. It's for Janette. I'm not thinking much about Mrs Becker—just now."

Steele's breath came quickly and his lips were almost snarling in his hatred of the man before him.

"It's a lie!" gasped Nome choking-ly, his face ashen white. "You lie when you say I killed—Janette!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Take Great Pains to Guard Alfonso

Paris, May 9.—Every precaution was taken here to protect the life of King Alfonso, of Spain, when he announced that he would visit this city.. The elaborate police system of the city guards the monarch at every turn. An Anarchist plot to kill the king during his visit was discovered by the police of Montpellier, in the south of France. Several Anarchists who have been arrested were found to have been in correspondence with well known Spanish Anarchists, and several documents have been seized. The recent attempt to assassinate Alphonso led to the unearthing of this latest plot.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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WHEN obliged to live in cities, I for a long time found that boxing and wrestling enabled me to get a good deal of exercise in condensed and attractive form. I was reluctantly obliged to abandon both as I grew older. I dropped the wrestling earliest. When I became governor, the champion middleweight wrestler of America happened to be in Albany, and I got him to come round three or four afternoons a week. Incidentally I may mention that his presence caused me a difficulty with the comptroller, who refused to audit a bill I put in for a wrestling-mat, explaining that I could have a billiard-table, billiards being recognized as a proper gubernatorial amusement, but that a wrestling-mat symbolized something unusual and unheard of and could not be permitted. The middleweight champion was of course so much better than I was that he could not only take care of himself but of me, too, and see that I was not hurt—for wrestling is a much more violent amusement than boxing. But after a couple of months he had to go away and he left as a substitute a good-humored, stalwart professional oarsman. The oarsman turned out to know very little about wrestling. He could not even take care of himself, not to speak of me. By the end of our second afternoon one of his long ribs had been caved in and two of my short ribs badly damaged, and my left shoulder-blade so nearly shoved out of place that it creaked. He was nearly as pleased as I was when I told him I thought we would "vote the war a failure" and abandon wrestling. After that I took up boxing again. While President I used to box with some of the aides, as well as play singlestick with General Wood. After a few years I had to abandon boxing as well as wrestling, for in one bout a young captain of artillery cross-countered me on the eye, and the blow smashed the little blood-vessels. Fortunately it was my left eye, but the sight has been dim ever since, and if it had been the right eye I should have been entirely unable to shoot. Accordingly I thought it better to acknowledge that I had become an elderly man and would have to stop boxing. I then took up jiu-jitsu for a year or two.

When I was in the legislature and was working very hard, with little chance of getting out of doors, all the exercise I got was boxing and wrestling. A young fellow turned up who was a second rate price fighter, the son of one of my old boxing teachers. For several weeks I had him come round to my rooms in the morning to put on the gloves with me for half an hour. Then he suddenly stopped, and some days later I received a letter of woe from him from the jail. I found that he was by profession a burglar, and merely followed boxing as the amusement of his lighter moments, or when business was slack.

Naturally, being fond of boxing, I grew to know a good many prize-fighters, and to most of those I knew I grew genuinely attached. I have never ben able to sympathize with the outcry against prize-fighters. The only objection I have to the prize-ring is the crookedness that has attended its commercial development. Outside of this, I regard boxing, whether professional or amateur, as a first class sport and I do not regard it as brutalizing. Of course matches can be conducted under conditions that make them brutalizing. But this is true of football games and of most other rough and vigorous sports. Most certainly prize-fighting is not half as brutalizing or demoralizing as many forms of big business and of the legal work carried on in connection with big business. Powerful, vigorous men of strong animal development must have some way in which their animal spirits can find vent. When I was police commissioner I found (and Jacob Riis will back me up in this) that the establishment of a boxing club in a tough neighborhood always tended to do away with knifing and gun-fighting among the young fellows who would otherwise have been in murderous gangs. Many of these young fellows were not naturally criminals at all, but they had to have some outlet for their activities. In the same way I have always regarded boxing as a first class sport to encourage in the Young Men's Christian Association. I do not like to see young Christians with shoulders that slope like a champagne bottle. Of course boxing should be encouraged in the army and navy. I was first drawn to two naval chaplains, Fathers Chidwick and Rainey, by finding that each of them had bought half a dozen sets of boxing gloves and encouraged their crews in boxing.

When I was police commisisoner I heartily approved the effort to get boxing clubs started in New York on a clean basis. Later I was reluctantly obliged to come to the conclusion that the prize ring had become hopelessly debased and demoralized, and as governor I aided in the passage of and signed the bill putting a stop to professional boxing for money. This was because some of the prize-fighters themselves were crooked, while the crowd of hangers-on who attended and made up and profited by the matches had placed the whole business on a basis of commercialism and brutality that was intolerable. I shall always maintain that boxing contests themselves make good, healthy sport. It is idle to compare them with bullfighting; the torture and death of the wretched horses in bull-fighting is enough of itself to blast the sport, no matter how great the skill and prowess shown by the bull-fighters. Any sport in which the death and torture of animals is made to furnish pleasure to the spectators is debasing. There should always be the opportunity provided in a glove fight or a bare-fist fight to stop it when one competitor is hopelessly outclassed or too badly hammered. But the men who take part in these fights are hard as nails, and it is not worth while to feel sentimental about their receiving punishment which as a matter of fact they do not mind. Of course the men who look on ought to be able to stand up with the gloves or without them, themselves; I have scant use for the type of sportsmanship which consists merely in looking on at the feats of some one else.

Some as good citizens as I know are or were prize-fighters. Take Mike Donovan, of New York. He and his family represent a type of American citizenship of which we have a right to be proud. Mike is a devoted temperance man, and can be relied upon for every movement in the interest of good citizenship. I was first intimately thrown with him when I was police commissioner. One evening he and I—both in dress suits—attended a temperance meeting of Catholic societies. It culminated in a lively set-to between myself and a Tammany senator who was a very good fellow, but whose ideas of temperance differed radically from mine, and, as the event proved, from those of the majority of the meeting. Mike evidently regarded himself as my backer—he was sitting on the platform beside me—and I think felt as pleased and interested as if the set-to had been physical instead of verbal. Afterwards I grew to know him well both while I was governor and while I was President, and many a time he came on and boxed with me.

Battling Nelson was another stanch friend, and he and I think alike on most questions of political and industrial life; although he once expressed to me some commiseration because, as President, I did not get anything like the money return for my services that he aggregated during the same term of years in the ring. Bob Fitzsimmons was another good friend of mine. He has never forgotten his early skill as a blacksmith, and among the things that I value and always keep in use is a penholder made by Bob out of a horseshoe, with an inscription saying that it is "Made for and presented to President Theodore Roosevelt by his friend and admirer, Robert Fitzsimmons." I have for a long time had the friendship of John L. Sullivan, than whom in his prime no better man ever stepped into the ring. He is now a Massachusetts farmer. John used occasionally to visit me at the White House, his advent always causing a distinct flutter among the waiting senators and congressmen. When I went to Africa he presented me with a gold-mounted rabbit's foot for luck. I carried it through my African trip; and I certainly had good luck.

On one occasion one of my prize-fighting friends called on me at the White House on business. He explained that he wished to see me alone, sat down opposite me, and put a very expensive cigar on the desk, saying, "Have a cigar." I thanked him and said I did not smoke, to which he responded, "Put it in your pocket." He then added, "Take another; put both in your pocket." This I accordingly did. Having thus shown at the outset the necessary formal courtesy, my visitor, an old and valued friend, proceeded to explain that a nephew of his had enlisted in the marine corps, but had been absent without leave, and was threatened with dishonorable discharge on the ground of desertion. My visitor, a good citizen and a patriotic American, was stung to the quick at the thought of such an incident occurring in his family, and he explained to me that it must not occur, that there must not be the disgrace to the family, although he would be delighted to have the offender "handled rough" to teach him a needed lesson; he added that he wished I would take him and handle him myself, for he knew that I would see that he "got all that was coming to him." Then a look of pathos came into his eyes, and he explained: "That boy I just cannot understand. He was my sister's favorite son, and I always took a special interest in him myself. I did my best to bring him up the way he ought to go. But there was just nothing to be done with him. His tastes were naturally low. He took to music!" What form this debasing taste for music assumed I did not inquire; and I was able to grant my friend's wish.

While in the White House I always tried to get a couple of hours' exercise in the afternoons — sometimes tennis, more often riding, or else a rough cross-country walk, perhaps down Rock creek, which was then as wild as a stream in the White Mountains, or on the Virginia side along the Potomac. My companions at tennis or on these rides and walks we gradually grew to style the Tennis Cabinet; and then we extended the term to take in many of my old-time western friends such as Ben Daniels, Seth Bullock, Luther Kelly, and others who had taken part with me in more serious outdoor adventures than walking and riding for pleasure. Most of the men who were oftenest with me on these trips—men like Major General Leonard Wood; or Major General Thomas Henry Barry; or Presley Marion Rixey, surgeon-general of the navy; or Robert Bacon, who was afterwards secretary of state; or James Garfield, who was secretary of the interior; or Gifford Pinchot, who was chief of the forest service—were better men physically than I was; but I could ride and walk well enough for us all thoroughly to enjoy it. Often, especially in the winters and early springs, we would arrange for a point to point walk, not turning aside for anything—for instance, swimming Rock creek or even the Potomac if it came in our way. Of course under such circumstances we had to arrange that our return to Washington should be when it was dark, so that our appearance might scandalize no one. On several occasions we thus swam Rock creek in the early spring when the ice was floating thick upon it. If we swam the Potomac, we usually took off our clothes. I remember one such occasion when the French ambassador, Jusserand, who was a member of the Tennis Cabinet, was along, and just as we were about to get into swim, somebody said, "Mr. Ambassador, Mr. Ambassador, you haven't taken off your gloves," to which he promptly responded, "I think I will leave them on; we might meet ladies!"

Cookery Has Its Own Romances

COOKERY, never prosaic, has its own romances. Prosaic, on the other hand, are those to whom Soubise merely conveys a suggestion of glorified onions; Crecy, a soup of carrots; Colbert, a consomme with poached eggs.

The entree is, however, the dish or flavoring with a history of its own. Although all are not as quaint and original as the famous story of Mme. de Maintenon's curl papers and the cutlets en papillotes which bear her name, a story attaches itself to many of them.

Round the famous Soubise sauce itself the gossip of the kitchen has woven a romance. It was the cook of the Prince de Soubise, says the London Evening Standard, whose talent invented the famous sauce which we retain today, although Bertrand's fashion of larding the mutton it accompanied has gone out of fashion.

The chef had his own princely ideas on what kitchen economy in a prince's household should be. His master once ordered him to prepare a menu for a dainty little supper. He was a little electrified to find that one item on the bill consisted of 50 hams. This allowance when the supper was small and select must have been a little astonishing even in those prodigal days. "Do you intend to feast my whole regiment—are you mad?" demanded Soubise of his cook.

Bertrand replied that he could, if he chose, get the 50 hams into a glass bottle, like the genii in the "Arabian Nights," the bottle being no larger than his thumb. Thus were flavorings made in the kitchens of the great chefs.

Sauce a la Chambord, which is a modern accompaniment to many fish dishes, has come to mean a sauce tasting of mushrooms, of crayfish and truffles, and made of all these good things with the addition of sweetbreads, soft roes and other delicacies. Originally, however, "Chambord" merely implied larded fish, and was applied to carp in particular. When Francois I. married his son to Catherine de Medici, her Italian suite introduced the French chefs of the day to many Florentine dishes, among them being the fricandeau de veau, which has remained a French dish ever since. At Chambord, whose ponds, like the famous one at Versailles, teemed with historic carp, the idea came to the Italian maitre de cuisine to lard the fattened carp as well as the calf, and "a la Chambord" soon spread all over France.

Napoleon is said to have made the remark that more reconciliations and happy arrangements were due to the cook of his famous chancellor than to the nonentities of the Corps Diplimatique of nations who thronged the antechambers of the Tuileries. Cambaceres was once the recipient on the part of the town of Geneva of a monster trout caught in the lake, which was at that time famous for its fish. The trout and the sauce a la Genevoise, which accompanied the gift, cost the municipality about 6,000 francs, which even in those days of reckless prodigality was looked upon as a feat of culinary extravagance.

Filets de boeuf a la Montgolfier have, as can be well understood, lost their prestige in these days of aeroplanes, although no maker of flying machines today seems to have had his name coupled with beef or any other filet. They were so named, however, because the shape of the filets when dressed resembled the balloons of which Montgolfier was the inventor. Filets de volaille a la Bellevue, as well as other dishes named in the same way, originated, or were supposed to do so, at the Chateau de Bellevue. Here is was that Mme. de Pompadour inaugurated the "petits soupers du roi," to do honor to which her chef strained every nerve.

English cookery, although far behind that of France or Italy, has had its romances. It is related of a duke of Beaufort, a century or more ago, that he gained great reputation for his dinners. This was due to his Italian chef, whose imagination and powers of origination made him compose many a symphony in food. The chef was also, in his own way, something of a musician, and one night, so the story goes, he went to hear one of Donizetti's operas.

It was very late in the evening when his master was aroused by a knock at his bed room door. "It is only I, Signor Duca," the Italian is reported to have whispered. "I have been dreaming of the music and have invented a sorbet. It shall be named the sorbet a la Donizetti, and I could not resist coming to tell your Grace."

President Wilson's Orderliness

THIRTY years ago only the most discerning would have suspected genius in Woodrow Wilson. A few did, but to most people he appeared as a man of unusual ability, but with nothing flashy or precocious. He talked well; all his ideas were clear and some were profound, but there was nothing of the impetuosity and second sight which we associate with genius. He schooled himself, against his temperament, to work systematically and not wait for inspiration. He knew that for the best literary work inspiration is necessary, but he found that he could compel, or at least invite, the inspiration by settling himself at his desk and beginning to work. After many years of this sort of discipline he was heard to say laughingly that he had tamed himself to be a regular mill horse.

Acquaintances have fancied that they could see the orderly habits of his mind reflected in the orderly desk at which he worked. No clutter and confusion of notes, manuscripts, books and loose papers there, but instead everything as neatly and methodically arranged as a surgeon's instruments. He would take a book from the shelf, consult it, get what he wanted, and then carefully return the book. And when the morning's work was ended, in ample time to prepare for luncheon, he would open the drawer of his desk, take out a piece of chamois skin, carefully wipe his pen, return the cloth to the drawer, cover the ink bottle, take off his spectacles, put them in the case, put on his eyeglasses, and rise deliberately from his chair, nothing hurried, nothing confused.

It is said that Charles Dickens could not write unless stationery and pen were of a certain sort, and one of Mr. Wilson's few fastidious indulgences has been writing paper, even for his temporary notes, of excellent quality. The neat handwriting, now familiar, always so legible that he might become a bookkeeper on the strength of it, has the same indication of method and self-control.

These are the trifles that marked his literary work but this orderliness in everything has marked all the processes by which he has approached the large problems with which he has had to deal in his career as college president and practical statesman. It has been said that he expresses sudden and radical opinions, but those who have known him long know that his views had their germs in thoughts and ideals of early manhood. Only the methods were novel.

W. G. McAdoo in Century Magazine.

In the Train.

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver domes of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet;
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet.

—James Thompson.

In English Cathedral Pulpits.

Church Family Newspaper.

At Canterbury a Partridge preached, at Peterborough a Pheasant, at Ripon a Swann, at St. Albans a Gosling, while at Lincoln a Bullock was listened to, no doubt with great attention and profit. At least a few of the present members of the Anglican episcopate cannot assert they they are "neither fish, flesh or fowl," for we find among our bishops in various parts of the world a Henn, a Partridge, a Peacocke, a Woodcock, a Pollock and a Roach.

Lays New Plans for Cheap Living Fight

New York, May 7. — Mrs. Julian Heath, president of the National Housewives' League, is planning to push the fight for economy in living through the summer. She is urging clubwomen all over the land to press the campaign for the lower cost of living through the formation of buying clubs. She believes that if united action could be obtained by the wives of the country in dealing with exorbitant prices for foodstuffs the solution would be found. The best that can be done for the present, she says, is local action.

Suffered Arctic Heat

Vilhjalmur Stefansson in Harper's Magazine.

JULY was intolerably hot. We had no thermometer, but I now feel sure that many a day the temperature must have been above one hundred degrees in the sun, and sometimes for weeks on end there was not a cloud in the sky. At midnight the sun was what we would say an hour high, so that it beat down on us without rest the 24 hours through. The hottest period of the day was about 8 o'clock in the evening, and the coolest perhaps 4 or 5 in the morning. The mosquitoes were so bad that several of our dogs were completely blind for the time, through the swelling of their eyes, and all of them were lame from running sores caused by the mosquito stings on the line where the hair meets the pad of the foot. It is true that on our entire expedition we had no experience that more nearly deserved the name of suffering than this of the combined heat and mosquitoes of our Coppermine River summer.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER IX.

The Stewardess Signs.

The Wangaroo was a steamboat with a past.

At her birth she had been designed by a naval architect who was admittedly a genius, but who had the knack of never building a boat that paid. Her registered tonnage was seven hundred fifty, and her horsepower officially one hundred eighty-five. Her engines were early triple expansion of a pattern and design that were never repeated, and her pumps were a perpetual conundrum to the unfortunaes whose duty it was to overlook their eccentricities. She had a double bottom of such size that it seriously ate into her hold space, and her lines were such as to give her the minimum of cargo with a maximum of water friction.

Exasperated owners had from time to time so altered the plan of her weights that her metacenter had crept up inches at a time till she had grown to be alarmingly crank; and, similarly, through other interference with her frames, she was by no means as stiff as could have been desired. In moments of stress, it was held that she could roll three several ways at the same time.

She was built of iron—no steel—and though her plates were comparatively thick, they were heavily corroded, and as incidentally she had bumped over sandbars and otherwise been aground far more times than a respectable boat ought to own to, she had sheared the rivets of a good many of her plates, and the concrete with which they had been replaced was hardly an efficient substitute.

In outward appearances she was sawn-off, stubby and clumsy-looking. Her smokestack was fat and short, and she carried her standard compass on the top of a long pole. When she started life raw from the builders' slips she had yards crossed on both of her tall masts, but as the years went on and fashions changed, she shed these, and she steams into this chronicle carrying the rig of a fore-and-aft schooner.

Mr. McTodd, after a long study of her beauties, owned that he had seen her counterpart once before, and on being asked by his captain to name the locality, said it was on a cheap photographer's back cloth in Manchester. "But I never knew that was a picture of a real ship before I saw this old girl," said McTodd. "I thought it was a land artist's imagination."

Her history was hard to get hold of, but I have been at pains to rake up most of it. I will not repeat in detail here, because it implicates many worthy commercial men who have prospered since they got rid of her; but she seems to have no fewer than twelve owners before she came into the hands of the merchant—he was really a ship-breaker—from whom Sir George Chesterman chartered her, and to have changed her name no fewer than nine times.

I wonder how many people will recognize her as the Vestis, the Polydorus, the R. K. Williams, or the Sosha Maru? (She turned turtle, by the way, when she was under that eastern flag, drowned her crew, and was salvaged by a Japanese sponge boat, after her water ballast had righted her.) She was also in her day the Cormorant, the Golondrina, and the Devastation, which last was when she was supposed to be a Venezuelan man-of-war, or rebel filibuster, whichever side of local hostilities you judge her from. Her other two aliases I shall keep to myself, as they suggest items of history which are better forgotten.

Finally, when Captain Kettle took her over, she was noted for being crank in a seaway, for carrying the minimum of cargo her tonnage demanded, for being a coal eater of the deepest dye, and for taking long sheers to starboard when she was that way out, from which no amount of helm could wean her. She was, all the experts declare, the most undesirable 750-ton steamboat at that period afloat in any of the seas, and Capain Kettle who, be it thoroughly understood, had known better things—loved her.

Captain Owen Kettle, on his voyage from the Tyne to Grand Canary, was the busiest man in all his wide profession. He wore his mate to the bone, and he worked his heavy crew almost to mutiny, but by the time the disreputable old wreck which had left the Northern river had waddled her way down to the Islands, she had a look of meretricious smartness about her such as she had probably never worn before in all her disreputable career.

Her paint was new, and her bright work glittered; her rigging was set up till it was as taut as bar iron; her stanchions were straightened, and her dingy funnel was painted yellow with a jaunty stripe of green. And Mr. McTodd, the second engineer, working below among the ruins of her machinery, took up bearings and did other repairs while she was under way with a recklessness that can not be too severely spoken about.

"One hundred and ninety-four miles, sir, since noon yesterday," said Captain Kettle coming from the chart house after working out his day's run. "That averages eight-point-one knots an hour. We're whacking her up a bit, and I shouldn't wonder that if the wind gets a bit more aft and we can give her the gaff topsails I've had made out of those spare awnings, she may log as much as eight-point-two or two-five. She a famous old girl when she gets decent treatment."

"You'll make the Cunard people green with envy if this leaks out," said Sir George. "Have a cigar?"

"We should bring-to for the Las Palmas health boat at 3:20 tomorrow, and that's allowing 35 minutes for retardation owing to a slightly heavier sea which I expect to get up when we run farther into the trade."

"As an experienced passenger, let me give you a tip, skipper. Don't show the machinery of your calculations. We shore folk prefer plain miracles. There will be mails in Grand Canary which left England a week after we started. I suppose you couldn't cut the islands out of the program?"

"Not well, sir. We've burned a lot of coal getting here. And, if there's much work to be done on the African coast, I'll like to be rebunkered to our full capacity. We shan't be able to do very much with sail. The trades will be a bit too heavy for the old girl, flying light as she is, at this time of year. But don't you worry about the coaling, Sir George. You take a run up to the Monte while we're getting the stuff on board, and I'll have decks holystoned down as white as a table cloth again by the time you're back. Though, of course, if it was cables you were thinking about—"

The big man shook a weary head. "I wasn't bothering about either coal or cables as it happened. Fact is, a friend of mine stated an intention of joining me down here, and, to tell the truth, I don't want to be bothered. I'm not feeling very hospitable. You and I get along very decently together, skipper, and a third might very easily upset the balance. If the worst comes to the worst, I have made arrangements that the—er—intruder shall be looked after, so you needn't worry your head about that. But I most piously hope that one of this excellent person's usual changes of plan will take place, and we shall find ourselves undisturbed. I'm going to have a cocktail. Will you join me?"

"Not at sea, sir. If you'll excuse me I'll go and give the mate a bit of a brisk-up. That man's not served with me long enough ever yet to learn my ways. He's letting those hands mutter while they paint."

Sir George Chesterman turned his tired eyes to the sea, and watched the fleets of pink sailed Portuguese men-of-war that cruised placidly over the dark blue swells alongside. "I wonder," said he to himself, "what sort of a time a nautilus has of it? seems a nice easy life. No cables, or party whips writing pleasant letters, or wives with a taste for everything you happen to dislike, or—Pah!—what a sickly minded ass I am. The odds are they have the whole lot—especially the cables. There must be rum customs and inventions among these navigating shell fish. Gad, I believe if I'd the chance of a swap I'd risk it. The more I think back at England, home and beauty, the more sick I seem to be of the whole lot of it."

The big retriever, scenting trouble, muzzled a sympathetic wet nose into his master's hand.

He drank the cocktail which the steward brought him, and laughed at a new idea. "Gad, it would be a great joke to diddle her, if she does turn up, and leave her to cool her heels among the Liverpool week-end trippers at Las Palmas. I've a monstrous great mind to do it. Ah, there's the luncheon bell! Skipper, half a moment!"

"Sir?"

"I say, couldn't you put in at Lanzerote or one of these other islands, and do your coaling there?"

"It would be a long slow job. You see Lanzerote has no harbors, only open roadsteads, and as likely as not we'd have to hang there rolling to our anchors for a good fortnight before we could arrange with these manana Spaniards to find a bottom which would bring the coal across from Grand Canary. And then, you see, you'd be a fortnight's grub and water to the bad which would have to be replaced, not to mention a fortnight on your charter and insurance, and a fortnight's wages, which would all be to the bad anyway. But I know what you're thinking of."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes, sir. It's those cases of rifles and the ammunition boxes in number two hold."

"I'm afraid you're wrong. I hadn't given them a thought. But what's the point?"

"Well, of course, in spite of promises, some one at the English end may have blown the gaff and told the customs at Las Palmas."

"Well?"

"If somebody definitely accuses us of attempting to import arms of precision into Africa, against international law, they'll try and stop us. By James, I should like to see them do it!"

The tired eyes brightened. "Why, would you kic' ?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Abe Martin

Ez Pash gits up early ever' mornin' t' see if President Wilson has appointed anybuddy he ever heard o' before.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

"Yes, sir, I'd kick good and hard, and I'd take the old girl out of their harbor in spite of all the teeth they could show."

"That sounds interesting. But isn't there a fort or something?"

"I believe they've some guns. They were lying on one of the quays with their tails wrapped up in packing cases when I was round there a year ago. They were going to haul them on to a hill at the back of the Catalina, and mount them—manana. I know, because I asked. You'll see when we get there they'll still be on the quay, all except the packing cases which some one will have pinched for fire wood."

"But supposing somebody had invented an energetic Spaniard, and they have been hauled up to the hill-top and mounted, and there is a filled magazine alongside, and they gave you fair warning that if you didn't stop they'd blow you into the middle of next week, what then?"

"I should steam out and let them see the red duster blowing at my poop staff, and I should break out two more at my fore and main trucks, and I should like to see the beastly dagos dare to fire on those. And if they did, by James, I'd let them fire and be hanged to them, but I should be cock-sure they never could hit me. And now, sir, if you please, dinner's cooling."

"I wish," thought Sir George wistfully, "I had half this little man's enthusiasm, though the Lord only knows what mess he's going to land me into if he has only half his own way."

Las Palmas harbor, tucked away under the decayed volcano of the Isleta, displayed the usual collection of British steamers, Canary bacalao schooners, and coal dust, and the warmth of the sun overhead was cooled by a racing trade-wind, which carried with it a strong scour of African sand. On the quays and in the coal lighters Spanish cargadores shouted musically, but did little work until they were urged thereto by profane British mates, and those units of the army of Spain which happened to be off duty appeared to be dangling their cotton-trousered legs over the edges of the concrete walls, over the ing interminable cigarettes. And over the whole harbor water was spread a scum of coal dust, and an odor of bacalao, imperfectly cured.

A grinning Parsee in an elaborately embroidered smoking-cap brought his boat alongside as Captain Kettle humored his precious Wangaroo up to the mocring buoy, and displayed Birmingham Benares brass, Teneriffe drawn-linen work, and Three Castles cigarettes to prospective buyers, adding for the benefit of the ignorant, "I am your fellow countree-man. I sell you best stuff, cheap-price. Also I have letter from lady to captain."

"Lower away the companion-ladder, Mr. Smith," said Captain Kettle to a mariner beside him on the upper bridge.

The little steamer, from her size, could at the utmost afford only two mates. But Kettle had picked from the crew a steady man who had signed on as A.B., had added ten shillings a month out of his own pocket to his wages, and given him brevet rank as third mate from sheer delight at having an aide-de-camp at moments like these, when the mate was on the fore-deck, and the second mate on the poop, as by sea rubric ordained.

"If you can get that chattering baboon's boat underneath," continued Kettle, "let go your ladder by the run and stove him in. I'll let the song of a dog know what's the tariff for bringing off letters to me from ladies I don't know."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Smith, and ran briskly down off the narrow bridge, while Captain Kettle ached to think that in spite of all his care and instructions the Wangaroo might have been brought up more smartly to her moorings. And then, with his spruce uniform fairly straining with pride, he descended to do the honors of his own chart house to the port officials, and for the first time to write "O, Kettle, Master," at the foot of documents.

There was one unpleasant interlude. The Parsee managed to make his way on board, and again proffered his "letter from lady" to the new-fledged skipper. Spanish port doctor and Spanish port captain grinned knowingly, and Kettle arose in his wrath and kicked his fellow subject down over the side.

"Quartermaster," said he, "if that man or anything else that's escaped out of the monkey house gets on board again I'll disrate you."

The advent of the coaling company's agent handicapped his further remarks, and for the next hour Captain Kettle was immersed in the intricacies of the ship's business in a foreign port. And then came other tradespeople and touts innumerable.

The entry of Miss Dubbs was a marvel of quietness and discretion. Captain Kettle gulped and collected himself. "My James," he said, "you here, miss! Whatever's gone wrong?"

"Nothing, Captain. Is this your private cabin?"

"It's the chart house—yes."

"And are you at liberty at any time soon?"

"Yes—now. Here, you clear out. My dear, there must be something gone very wrong."

She laughed a little nervously. "I tell you nothing has happened, except that I've changed my job. Ah, there's Sir George's retriever. Good old dog, Rex. But haven't you got my letter? I sent one by a native in a boat."

"My conscience! That'll have been what that unbaptized Parsee was jabbering about. No, my dear, I never got it. But if you're in trouble, of course you've come to the right place."

"I tell you, dear, there was no real trouble. For a long time—in fact, all the time since I've known you, Captain, I've been a good deal dissatisfied with business in the public line, and when pa got a bit fresh with me the other night about not serving a gentleman with another glass when I said he'd had enough, I thought it was a good opportunity to quit, and handed in my resignation there and then on the spot. I may tell you I'd had it in mind ever since Sir George spoke to me."

"My dear, you'd better tell me the whole thing at once. What's Sir George to do with it?"

"Hasn't he told you? Well, however, I suppose he thought we were too much in one another's confidence to have any secrets. Anyway, all he said was this, and mind, it was after you had left Foston, and were working on the Wangarooo at South Shields, as you write me. He comes in one day to the Mason's Arms, and he says: 'Miss Dubbs, do you know any reliable lady who'd go out on our little steamer as sort of maid-companion-stewardess to look after my sister? I don't want a maid altogether, because she's got one already who's no good for this sort of trip; I want something more than a stewardess; and I want something a bit less than the ordinary useless companion.' I laughs and says I didn't think there were many ladies yet born who were up to all those requirements, and he laughs and says he supposed they could be made. He's always a very merry manner with him, has Sir George, but he knows where to stop. He's always quite the gentleman."

"I've found that myself."

"Well, I said that if I came across any lady who would fulfill all his requirements I would let him know."

"'That won't do, Miss Dubbs,' says he. 'I sail tomorrow, and, according to Captain Kettle's calculatons, our boat's going to take a most pleasantly long time to reach Grand Canary, which is to be our first port of call. My sister's got the date out of me, and declares she's going to follow by the mail boat, and join at Las Palmas. I don't think she will; it's a score to one she changes her mind between now and then; but if she doesn't, she sails by the Cape mail boat from Southampton today week. Now, I don't want her to go unless she has the escort I have been describing to you, so if you see your way to providing the young person, just drop her a line to this address, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you.'"

"Ah," said Captain Kettle, "but I never thought of your coming down to this sort of business, dear."

"And what sort is that, please?"

"Well, stewardess?"

"I prefer to call it 'companion'. But whatever it is, Captain, my idea is that, as I was a minister's daughter and a lady once, a lady I shall always be. How's that?"

"Right as usual," said the little sailor with a sigh. "But there may be more complications in this than you think."

"You mean the trip's not safe? There may be trouble with those tribesmen where the wreck is lying. Well, I'm ready to take what comes. Or, I'll put it this way if you like: what's good enough for the gentleman I'm engaged to is good enough for me. Besides, it seemed likely to be my only chance of foreign travel. We must look things in the face, Captain; when we are married it is quite possible I shall have to stay at home from then afterward."

Captain Kettle tugged vexedly at his red torpedo beard. "Quite true, my dear—quite true. But those aren't the only complications. Does it occur to you what I am on this ship? Do you understand that the second mate, who's fifty-five, if he's a day, refers to me as the 'old man'—and I'm twenty-seven? Do you know that here on board ship you'll have to give me respect, and say, 'Yes, Captain,' and 'No, Captain,' when you speak to me? That's discipline."

Miss Dubbs rose to the whole of her statuesque height. "And pray when," said she, "have I ever done anything else?"

"No, quite true," said Kettle miserably. "It'll come easier to you than it would to most. And, of course, if you call it 'companion,' and not 'stewardess,' and only sign on ship's articles for a shilling a month—as Sir George's sister must, of course, seeing that we don't carry a passenger certificate—well, a lot may be overlooked. But, in ways that you don't understand, you really do make it remarkably awkward for me. I wish you'd told me beforehand that you'd got this in mind."

"And then you'd have headed me off? I knew the African coast where you are going to was a dangerous spot."

"Quite so. I expect it is."

"Then, as I've said before," replied Miss Dubbs, comfortably, "what's good enough for you, my dear, in that line is good enough for yours truly. So don't let us have any more grousing." She took out a hatpin, and stood before the glass and prinked up her elaborate black hair. "Of course, some girls might even have expected you to say you were pleased to see them."

"Aye, but," said Captain Kettle doggedly, "there may be other complications still. You say you are Miss Chesterman's companion. Did you travel out together?"

"Thank you, I know my place. She went saloon. I, of course, came second cabin, and very comfortable and social, I may say, I found it; though, to be sure, being a South African boat, there were more Jews than some people could have fancied."

"Well, there you are, by dear. We've no second cabin here. We haven't a mess room. The engineers take their meals in the saloon with Sir George, and me, and the mates; and a nasty feeder the chief is, if ever I saw one. You've your choice, miss, between that and the fo'cs'le."

"Does the cabin steward dine with the common sailors and firemen?"

"Oh, I expect he gets his bit in the pantry, standing up. No one ever worries as to where stewards mess, unless it's on a big boat, where they have a proper glory-hole. No need to trouble about stewards; they keep fat enough, and never worry about any Board of Trade whack."

"I shall take my meals with the steward, Captain, and I've no doubt that, if he's a gentleman, he'll provide me with an aerated water case to sit upon."

"It's disgusting to think about the lady I'm going to marry doing this sort of thing, miss, while I'm sitting down getting my meals with Sir George and his sister."

"You're different. You're there because you're captain, and head of the table on your own ship is your lawful position. But I know my own place, just as you know yours, and I'm going to keep it; and don't you try and make no alteration, because I won't stand it. So now, Captain, you plainly understand. You'll kindly look upon me as a stewardess, and treat me exactly as such while I am on board here under your command. And now, my dear, I'll bid you good day for the present, as I've to go back ashore again to the hotel to pack up Miss Chesterman's trunks."

To be Continued.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

I saw in the Weekly Blade of May 1 an illustration and description of the old standard breed of the Golden Spangled Hamburg fowls. I would like to learn more about them; also of the Dutch everyday Hamburg layers. Will someone who knows give me information through the Farmstead columns?—S., Kissimee, Fla.

I have a heifer that was a year old last November. All winter she was covered with a solid scab. I at first suspected lice, but the lice won't come off. I have bathed her with salaratus water and salt and kerosene oil, but they don't start the hair. Can anybody tell me what to do?—F., Ypsilanti, Mich.

One of my cows came in fresh about six weeks ago, and ever since one-half of her udder and also the milk vein, has been swollen. It is not hard, like a caked udder. If the calf sucks from that side the milk gives it the scours. The cow seems well and hearty. Will some Farmstead reader tell me the trouble and give a remedy?—L., Ripley, N. Y.

Will someone kindly tell how to prevent black rot in potatoes?—Mrs. F., Galice, Ore.

I would like to know how to destroy plantain on a lawn. Will some reader kindly answer through the Farmstead column?—Mrs. M., St. James, Mo.

I have a heifer with a fresh calf, and she is about to lose one of her teats. There is a small lump in the end, and it is almost stopped up. Also, there is a larger lump where the teat joins the sack. There is no soreness. Can anyone give me a remedy?—G., Zionville, N. C.

My two-year-old heifer had a calf last July. Her udder never caked, but she now gives bloody milk, except at times, when the milk looks natural but when cream rises it has a gray, pinkish color. Sometimes blood settles in the bottom of the pail, like jelly. I want to know the name of the disease, and if there is a remedy.—S., Decatur, Ia.

Setting Quince Sprouts.

Somebody asked about quince sprouts. They will not have to be grafted if cut in February or the first part of March. Set them with the end sidewise in the ground and they will take root. Keep the sprouts trimmed. If set where wash water can be poured over them they will do well and bear in a year.—H., Crestline, Kans.

Treatment of Stiff Cow.

In reference to somebody's cow that is stiff in the hind legs: We had one that was afflicted that way and we gave her from 5 to 10 drops of nux vomica. Make a hole in the pith of a nubbin of corn, drop the medicine in and give every other day for several days.—Mrs. G.

Cement Fence Posts.

In spite of the fact that they are often advised to do so, it will not pay farmers to make their own cement fence posts, unless they have plenty of time and understand how to handle cement. So says Professor H. C. Ramsower, of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. His reasons for making this statement are that he believes the farmer's time is worth more for other work than the posts will cost ready-made, and that the average farmer is not able to control conditions or does not understand cement well enough to always insure the production of good posts. From one batch of cement he may turn out good posts and from the next batch they will be bad, so he thinks it is better to buy posts from factories that make a business of this phase of cement work. Professor Ramsower does, believe, however, that it will pay for farmers to make their own cement corner posts, where longer time and more attention can be given to the work.

Save Liquid Manure.

"Barnyard manure is the livestock farmer's main reliance in keeping up the supply of nitrogen in the soil," says Porter Elliott, an instructor for the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. "There are two very good reasons for this. First, the cost of nitrogen in the fertilizer sack, and second, the ease with which it can be gotten from the air, where clovers grow vigorously. With proper care three-fourths of the nitrogen in the crops grown and fed on the farm can be returned to the soil. If, however, the liquid part of the manure is allowed to escape only a small part of the nitrogen will be saved. A ton of clover hay, for instance, has in it about 40 pounds of nitrogen. When fed, 10 pounds, on the average, is retained in the animal body, 10 pounds is voided in the dung, and 20 pounds passes off with the urine. If the urine is lost then only 10 pounds, or one-fourth of the nitrogen in the hay has any chance of going back to the field in the manure spreader." Tight floors and plenty of bedding are recommended by Mr. Elliott as a means of preventing this loss.

Good Cooling Box Idea.

"Why not arrange your cream cooling box so that one pumping of the cooling box will furnish you with water for the stock each morning and evening?" suggests W. L. Clevenger, of the Ohio State University's College of Agriculture. "This can be accomplished by the construction of an insulated box in which the cooling cans are placed, and a circulation of water maintained. The latter operation necessitates, for best results, a change of the water, and by the construction of a small pipe line from the cooling house to the watering trough, much of the labor connected with watering stock twice a day can be overcome.

"As the warm weather continues," Mr. Clevenger states, "farmers will find that their milk has a bad flavor, unless unusual precautions are taken. This may be due to a number of causes, but is chiefly because the animal is securing materials producing the odor from grazing in the open lots. Proper cooling of the milk will not only keep it sweet and thus eliminate these objectionable odors, but will also keep down the content of harmful bacteria in the milk."

The odors frequently observed during the spring months, the instructor adds, is the result of an enormous loss to many butter makers, as it will usually result in the production of a butter of poor quality and flavor. Colostrum milk, that which is secured for a few days after the cow has given birth to her calf, will also produce this effect, and should not be used under any circumstances.

In the cooling box recommended by Prof. Clevenger, there is a smaller compartment for the cooling of cream cans. The cans used, however, are small—four or five inches in diameter, and holding not more than a gallon each. This size is found to work best in the rapid cooling of the cream after it comes from the separator, and will mean a great economy of time for the farmer.

"It is urgent that the cooling box be so insulated that it will keep out the frost in winter and the heat in summer. This can be done by using a one-inch thickness of some good insulating board. The capacity of the box has also been given careful consideration," adds Mr. Clevenger, "and from a number of observations, we believe it should provide about 20 gallons of water for each gallon of cream to be cooled. The cooler, if insulated, will keep the product cool for a much longer time than if no precaution is taken against the frost or heat."

Alfalfa in Corn Belt.

As one writer on agricultural topics says, many farmers in the corn belt do not believe that they can grow alfalfa. They are under the impression that it requires peculiar climatic conditions, and a peculiar type of soil, such as is found in the western states, particularly Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, California and Utah—the great alfalfa states. We have reached the point where we know we can grow alfalfa in the corn belt, and it is now up to us to grow it.

There is nothing new about alfalfa. Alfalfa is as old as the pyramids. It was grown in the time of Rameses (the first Egyptian ruler that history tells us very much about), and this is as far back as we need to go for all practical purposes.

The early colonial settlers brought alfalfa seed with them, and many years ago alfalfa was in high repute under the name of lucerne in the Atlantic coast states.

At the present time all the alfalfa grown east of the Mississippi river is less than the area of the little state of New Jersey. The total area under alfalfa in this country is 4,707,136 acres. Of this area Kansas alone has 956,926 acres of alfalfa—or about one-fifth of our entire alfalfa crop. Nebraska comes second with 685,282 acres; Colorado, third, with 508,892 acres; California, fourth, with 484,134 acres, and Idaho, fifth, with 308,892 acres.

All of the corn belt states are lamentably shy in the growing of alfalfa, as is shown by the following rank in which they come as producers of the crop: Missouri, 17; Ohio, 19; Iowa, 20; Illinois, 22; Wisconsin, 23; Indiana, 24; Michigan, 29; Minnesota, 35.

The Soil Problem.

Soy beans are the best substitute for clover, but clover is the best legume in a rotation. Plant the beans thick if the ground is clear from weeds, but if it is weedy plant them thin and cultivate them. If you can handle the first start of the weeds plant them as thick as the drill will seed them—the only way to cultivate when drilled in with weeder. When they have to be cultivated plant them through every third hole of the drill. The only time to grow soy beans is as a substitute when some other crop has failed.

The permanent and everlasting problem is to keep enough nitrogen in the soil. The fundamental idea of the legume crop should be to get the nitrogen from the air. The legumes can live on the European hotel plan, room but no meals, so far as nitrogen is concerned. If they can get the minerals necessary from the soil they will get the nitrogen from the air and store it in the ground for the grain crops. Did you ever see a sweet clover plant grow any better than on a cinder bed? They do not need the same moisture that other plants do. That means that they can be grown thickly on the ground. I don't care how thick they are if they have the minerals to feed upon. The thicker the better, for they will take more nitrogen from the air and put it in the soil.

LIVE STOCK

Save the Heifers.

The excessive slaughter of veal calves and young stuff at our leading markets during recent years is no doubt one of the chief causes of the present scarcity of beef cattle in the United States, says Professor H. R. Smith in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. Some have proposed the enactment of laws to prohibit the slaughter of all heifers before they are old enough to breed. While the motives of those who have proposed such legislation are good, a law of this kind would not be practical.

In the western range country, where grazing is very low in price and where the calf, at weaning time, is worth more than enough to pay the cost of keeping the cow during the year, it will pay to keep almost any kind of cow for breeding purposes. This is not true in the farming section of the country, where land is high in price.

Under such conditions a grade cow that will only produce milk enough to rear one calf is unprofitable to keep, and it would not be serving the best interests of either producer or consumer to compel farmers to keep all heifers for breeding purposes.

The profitable cow is the cow that gives a good flow of milk. With the exception of pure bred beef cows, which are kept for producing thick fleshed beef sires, we cannot afford to keep a cow one year unless she gives enough milk to raise at least two calves. In practically all parts of the country the raising of beef cattle is almost certain to be more or less incidental to dairying. This does not mean that all cows kept should be milked, for our cattle breeding operations would then be limited by our present supply of labor.

On larger farms it will pay to keep a few more cows than could be milked by the help ordinarily available. If there is not sufficient labor to milk all the cows which should be kept to consume the roughage on the farm, some of the cows can be made to raise two or three calves during the season, and will then pay a good profit to the owner. This practice is to be especially commended in districts where milk is furnished to a cheese factory, or where a large quantity of skimmed milk is wanted for pig feeding, for which purpose it is exceedingly valuable.

In conclusion it should be stated that it is not necessary to breed all cows to dairy sires. As a good cow can be milked with profit for a period of eight years or more, a herd of good milkers could be kept in a sufficient number by breeding from one-fourth to one-half of the best milkers to a dairy sire each year, vealing the male calves and keeping the heifer calves for cows.

This would make it possible to breed half or more of the cows, preferably the poorer milkers to a thick-fleshed, early maturing, easy keeping beef sire. It would not be profitable to keep the heifer calves from such a sire for breeding purposes. All such calves should be converted into beef and sold for that purpose, and the best practice in the management of the heifer calves from a beef sire is the feeding of such calves for "baby beef," by which is meant beef which is made fat enough to market at the age of 8 to 12 months.

A heifer calf from a beef sire could be made to weigh 800 pounds at the age of 12 months under this system of forced feeding, and in the production of such weights at an early age the beef supply would be increased rather than diminished.

As the supply of beef in the country is influenced as much by the weight for age as the total number in the country, heifer calves from the early maturing beef sires are especially suitable for the production of "baby beef." If marketed at the age of 14 months or earlier they will sell for practically as much as steers.

Older heifers, unless spayed, are sold at a discount because of the probable heavy shrinkage caused by the calf in utero. The feeding of young heifers for baby beef is ordinarily a better practice than spaying. It is a matter of more or less common observation that if heifer calves are fed with beef calves of the same breeding and quality the heifers do not gain in weight quite as fast as the steers, but they do fatten more rapidly and will become finished for market in a shorter time on the same feed.

This is due to the fact that heifers are naturally somewhat finer in bone, and relatively more of the feed goes to produce fat than growth during this early age.

THE DAIRY

Makes Sheep Pay.

A farmer in southern Illinois says that his flock of sheep pays 85.7 per cent on the investment. He says that the lambs each year sell for as much as the mothers cost, and that the wool pays the cost of keep. Each year the flock produces as many lambs as there are ewes. A 100 pound lamb sells for $7. The mother will shear a nine pound fleece that will sell for $1.80, and this will pay for the keep of the ewe and lamb. The average ewe will weigh 120 pounds, and at 5 cents will bring $6, a profit of 85.7 per cent on the investment.

Dry Hand Milking.

Which is the best method of milking, wet or dry hand, and why? In comparing different methods of milking there are three things, I believe, which ought to be considered as being of the greatest importance: namely, cleanliness, its effect upon the cow and rapidity.

The first named is the one which we need to consider the most, as it directly affects the quality of all dairy products, for without clean, wholesome milk it is an absolute impossibility to bring out a good dairy product, no matter what is done to it. After milk has once become dirty it may be strained ever so much and the essence of the dirt will still remain in the milk.

For this reason dry hand is better than wet hand milking, because if all external dust and dirt are removed from the udder and teats there still remains some dirt in the pores which in wet hand milking is washed and worked out, as it were, and constantly being drawn downward toward the end of the teats, where it will eventually join the milk.

The same holds true as regards the hands of the milker, for, no matter how clean you may wash your hands there always remains some dirt in the pores which will be worked out by wet hand milking. Also in warm weather the hands will perspire more or less and this perspiration will also join the milk in the manner described above.

Now, as to the effect on the cow of dry and wet hand milking, to obtain the best results the time of milking must be made as pleasant to the cow as any other. For this reason, too, I believe dry hand milking should be preferred, as it will irritate less the delicate tissues of the udder and teats. Also in cold weather the teats are not so liable to become chapped and cracked, and consequently, sore when dry hand instead of wet hand milking is used.

Then it is possible to milk a good deal more rapidly with dry hands than with wet. This may seem a mere trifle at first glance, but still, if you only gained a minute's time a cow at each milking on a herd of 15 cows, you would be one-half hour ahead each day, which, if summed up for a month and the year would mean a considerable saving in time.—J. M. Peterson in Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

POULTRY

Care of the Incubator.

There are many people intrusted with the care and operation of incubators that refuse to regard the process of incubation as one of generating life, says Chesla Sherlock. They give the incubator all kinds of bad management and careless attention, and seem to think that it will produce the strongest of chicks with the worst care. You must look upon the process of incubation as one of high importance before you can hope to succeed. Idle indifference will cost dearly every time. The incubator and eggs should be given the greatest of care and regularity should be your motto.

For several years a great deal of discussion has been going on in regard to the question of moisture for incubators. There are many prominent authorities arrayed on each side, and many authorities have refused to express an opinion on the subject.

It seems to the writer that the question of moisture is largely a question of climate and the prevalent temperature of the room where the incubator is being operated. We have given the question of moisture a good deal of attention during the past year. It has been our experience that where a liberal application of moisture has been made we have obtained more chicks, but they were smaller in size and their vitality was more or less affected. We have found that where moisture has been allowed to come into direct contact with the eggs, or where the atmosphere of the room where the incubator was being operated contained a liberal supply of moisture, the results were for the better. The chicks, in this instance, were larger, stronger and more nearly resembled those hatched by hens.

In cases where no thought was given to moisture and where the surrounding atmosphere lacked sufficient moisture we found that the chicks had considerable difficulty in breaking loose from the shell. In other words, they are "sticky," as the common expression puts it.

On the whole, we are opposed to the application of moisture directly to the eggs if it can possibly be prevented. There has been a good deal of criticism aroused over the point of washing eggs or dipping them in water in that they would fail to hatch chicks at all. This statement, however, is false, as we have personally washed eggs and found that it had no effect upon the hatchability of the eggs, although, as previously stated, the chicks were affected in vitality and size.

In incubation as well as anything else that has artificial imitators we should endeavor to imitate nature to get the best results. It would seem, then, that the best method of handling the moisture question would be to allow plenty of moisture in the atmosphere of the room where the incubators are operated or in the incubator, without coming in contact with the eggs. In the wild state the hens made their ness upon the ground. In spring months especially, the ground is cold and damp. It would seem, then, that the eggs would derive a considerable amount of moisture from the ground. The air during the spring months is also over charged with moisture. It cannot be doubted that a certain amount of moisture would come in direct contact with the eggs, but it is not of sufficient amount, and the chances are so few of it actually taking place that we must look upon the atmosphere and the ground as supplying the moisture required to decay the shell and permit the chicks to easily break through.

The whole object of moisture is to act upon the shell and render it easily breakable for the chick. As is falsely stated sometimes, do not think that it is to keep the chick in lively condition.

Essentials to Success.

There are just three things that are essentials to the man connected with poultry—determination, knowledge and regularity. Those three qualities cover every end of the poultry business. Determination to stick to it till success is attained and determination to do things is worth a good deal. Knowledge of the work from beginning to end is necessary if success is desired, as it will be a safeguard against failure and save unnecessary loss from lack of knowledge of minor details. Regularity in the care of fowls, the cleaning out of the houses and runs, the attending to incubators and brooders and marketing and carrying on the business of the plant are all important factors in the man.

THE ORCHARD

When to Spray.

The spraying program which is now almost universally adopted in the orchard belt begins with the lime sulphur spray applied on the dormant wood. This is to catch the San Jose scale. The first regular application, which is either of lime-sulphur or bordeaux mixture, is put in after the cluster buds have started, but before the blossoms have opened. This is to catch the first stages of apple scab, black rot and some eating insects like the canker worm. Some poison like arsenate of lead is almost essential in this spray.

The next spray is applied just after the petals have fallen and while the calyx cups are still wide open. It is important that this spray be applied with a strong pressure and from the top downward, as its chief value is in reaching the inside of these open cups. This is the spray that prevents wormy apples.

The third spraying, which is sometimes omitted, is applied about three weeks after the blooms fall. It is for general results and is effective to a certain extent against almost all of the pests.

The last spraying is applied to the little apples when they are about one-half inch in diameter, about six weeks after the bloom falls. This is to catch the second brood of the codling moth and any other of the numerous pests that attack the apple from the outside. It is effective against bitter rot, which is becoming more serious than ever in Illinois. Some orchardists in districts where blotch and bitter rot are serious report that another spraying three or four weeks after this one, preferably of bordeaux mixture, is worth while.

The lime-sulphur mixture may be purchased in a form which needs only to be diluted, or it may be made at home. To make it is some trouble, as it needs to be boiled for a considerable time and requires a large kettle. A form of lime-sulphur which is somewhat safer to use, and which is not likely to injure tender foliage, is called "self-boiled." This is made in a barrel by slaking eight pounds burned lime with an equal amount of powdered sulphur. This should be diluted to 50 gallons with cold water as soon as the mixture is thoroughly slaked, as injurious sulphur compounds are formed if it stands too long at boiling.

Bordeaux for spray mixtures is made by slaking four pounds lump lime and diluting it in 25 gallons of water and dissolving four pounds copper sulphate also in 25 gallons. When these two are slowly poured together and thoroughly stirred in a third vessel the mixture is complete. A heavy precipitate settles from this solution and it must be kept stirred while it is applied. Four pounds lead arsenate added to this 50 gallons solution, or four ounces paris green, may be used as the poison to make the spray complete.—H. B. Speck.

THE GARDEN

Strawberries.

One writer on horticultural subjects says that almost any soil may be put in condition for strawberries, but they do best in a light loamy soil. The ground should be plowed thoroughly or spaded at least eight inches and some good manure worked into the soil. The plants may be obtained from almost any nurseryman or truck gardener.

Spring is the best time to set out the plants, although they may be transplanted with safety almost any time. A bed set out in the fall is just as expensive to care for as a bed set out in the spring that will produce a crop next year.

If you have a small amount of ground for your strawberry bed a greater quantity and finer quality of berries may be grown by the hill system. Set the plants 18 inches to two feet apart each way and allow but three or four plants to set at every hill.

Be sure to keep the runners well cut off after these few plants have been established. Frequent and thorough cultivation by hand results in a few strong large plants producing an abundance of fine fruit for every plant.

The blossoms of many varieties are imperfect, lacking the stamens, and it is necessary to plant near these some variety that will produce an abundance of pollen and that will bloom during the same season. The imperfect varieties are more productive, less uneven, and many are superior for shipping. In small beds one row in four should be of the perfect flowered sort and it is better to use two or more perfect kinds with one imperfect.

Rotation Necessary.

In replying to a question Professor H. Ness, horticulturist at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, says:

The cultivation of a plant in the same place without rotation for a series of years is a very fertile source of failure on the part of that plant, sooner or later. Your garden may have become infested with some disease that now attacks your tomatoes and the failure may be due to this cause. Second, if you have constantly fertilized your garden, you may have it in such a state of fertility that it is not conducive to the production of fruit, but merely produces an exaggerated growth of vines. In cases of this sort where land has been cultivated for a long time with the same plants, it is to be expected that failure will ensue as regards this particular plant, and, hence, a rotation will become necessary. I advise you, therefore, not to plant your tomatoes in the same ground, but take new ground where tomatoes have not been grown before. Tomatoes do not need an absolutely very rich soil, only moderately fertilized, not to the extent that cabbages and cauliflower are fertilized. Tomatoes, furthermore, want a moderately loose and tight soil. However, an abundance of humus is necessary for success. To secure this plenty of stable manure, or a good crop of green manure, such as cowpeas plowed under, may give the soil the humus necessary.

In fertilizing tomatoes it may be well to use more of phosphoric fertilizer than of nitrogenous; hence, on your new land you may make the following application: Two hundred pounds of cotton seed meal, 300 pounds of acid phosphate and 100 pounds of potassium sulphate per acre. This will be sufficient, provided your land is not too poor in humus.

Opportunities of interest to you. **Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.**

The Last Wish.

Since all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be:
That thou mayst never guess nor ever see
The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.

—Bulwer Lytton.

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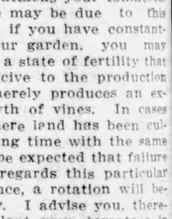

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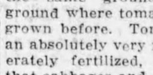

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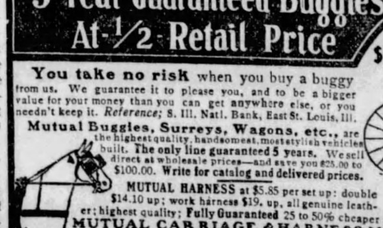

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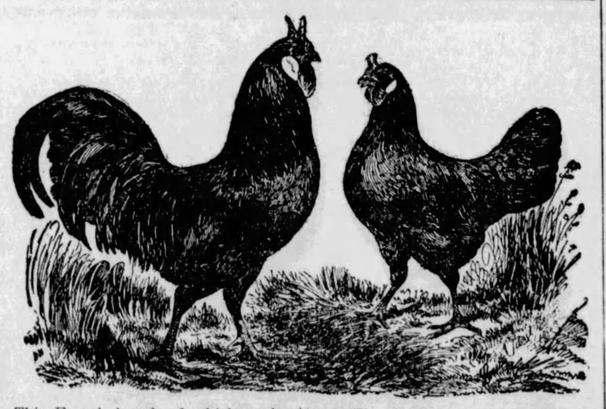
AN OLD FRENCH BREED



This French breed of chickens has been known in a certain district in France since the 15th century. It is one of the varieties rarely seen in the American exhibitions and is not widely bred. The fowls are a rich, lustrous, greenish black in plumage; have dark legs and bill, large white earlobes and red wattles, while the comb is of odd shape, resembling two spikes, or horns.

CLEARED AWAY

Proper Food Put the Troubles Away.

Our own troubles always seem more severe than any others. But when a man is unable to eat even a light breakfast, for years, without severe distress, he has trouble enough.

It is small wonder he likes to tell of food which cleared away the troubles.

"I am glad of the opportunity to tell of the good Grape-Nuts has done for me," writes a N. H. man. "For many years I was unable to eat even a light breakfast without great suffering.

"After eating I would suddenly be seized with an attack of colic and vomiting. This would be followed by headache and misery that would sometimes last a week or more, leaving me so weak I could hardly sit up or walk.

"Since I began to eat Grape-Nuts I have been free from the old troubles. I usually eat Grape-

HEAD ITCHED AND BURNED

Ears Swelled Up and Got Raw. Scratched In Sleep and Made Sores. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now Well.

"415 S. W. Boulevard, Rosedale, Kansas.—My trouble commenced in my ears about fifteen years ago. My ears swelled up and got raw and ran a thick yellow mucus. There were small pimples that had a thin yellow fluid in them. When they broke the fluid ran down on my face and neck which poisoned the places. Sometimes this would all dry up and the flesh would be dry and hot and crack open in places. Then it would all break out again. It itched and burned dreadfully. I would lie awake nights for hours. I scratched in my sleep and made sores. Then that yellow fluid would come out of the sores. I suffered a great deal with my head itching and burning and it broke out in pimples around the edge of my hair on the back of my head.

"I used everything I heard of but got no relief, in fact got worse. My ears swelled two or three times their own size and turned almost black and I was in despair. A friend advised me if I had tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment, so I went and got a box of Cuticura Ointment and cake of Cuticura Soap and commenced. By the time I had used one box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap I was well." (Signed) Mrs. Mary Conkling, Apr. 25, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

UNIFORM CLOTHING IN SCHOOL

Fort Wayne Women Say It Would Remove Discontent.

Fort Wayne, Ind., May 9.—So that the children of the poorer people will not feel ashamed of their clothing when in the class room with elaborately dressed children of rich parents, the Mothers' Club and Teachers' Club here yesterday started a movement toward a uniform dress to be worn by all girls who attend Fort Wayne schools. Merchants have promised the women that they will carry in stock at a price within reach of all a uniform dress. The members of the Mothers' Club declare that one reason for discontent among daughters of poor parents is the better dress of richer girls.

AIR-FOOT FALL KILLS AVIATOR

Los Angeles, May 9.—Lieutenant Parks, a military aviator who started from San Diego this forning on a flight to Los Angeles, was killed at Clive, nine miles north of Santa Ana, his machine hit a tree as he was descending, and he fell but 15 feet.

FEATHER BED BARGAINS

Send us this ad with $10.00 Money Order and we will ship you one first-class, new 40-pound Feather Bed; one pair 6-pound new Feather Pillows, worth $2.50; one 6-pound new Feather Bolster, worth $2.50; and one pair full size Blankets, worth $3.50, all for $10. All new goods and no trash. Biggest bargain ever offered. Satisfaction guaranteed. This offer is good for a short time only. Mail money order now or write for circular and order blanks. Reference, American Exchange National Bank. Address Southern Feather and Pillow Co., Dept. 20, Greensboro, N. C.

GIVES BIG JOLT TO STANDPATTER

Bill Flinn, of Pennsylvania, Would Oust Mann From Leadership.

Washington, May 10.—Plans for getting together the rival factions to rehabilitate the Republican party were given a rude jolt yesterday by the discovery of a plot to depose Representative James Mann, of Chicago as Republican floor leader.

The movement against Mann followed the resignation Thursday of Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Philadelphia, as secretary of the Republican congressional committee. Moore quit, he said, because of his "disgust at the lukewarm resistance of Republicans to the Underwood tariff bill."

"Bill" Flinn, of Pittsburg, who admitted putting $250,000 into the Bull Moose war chest last year, is charged with having inspired the movement against Mann with the idea of having it extend to every old guard Republican in congress.

A Mysterious Visit.

Flinn made a mysterious visit here Thursday. Having led in the Roosevelt campaign for President on the Bull Moose ticket, he is aspiring to a commanding position in the Republican party rehabilitation conferences. His plan is to seize the party which last year he bitterly opposed and to do so by inaugurating a war of extermination on the standpatters. The Flinn plan is to excommunicate such men as Senators Penrose, Gallinger, Smoot and Lodge and Representatives Mann and Payne, of New York; Fordney, of Michigan, and Green, of Massachusetts. The development of this scheme seems to have smashed all plans to bring the Republican factions together in a harmony conference with the hope of reconstructing party lines for a united contest against the Democrats in the campaign next year.

Exploded by a Row.

Flinn tried to keep his visit secret, but the whole thing was exploded by reason of a row that broke out at a caucus of the Republicans of the Pennsylvania delegation called to consider rehabilitation of the party, first in Pennsylvania and then in the nation. At this caucus the demand was made for a complete break away from the control of what remains of the old Cannon standpat element in the house and the reorganization of the Republican party along Bull Moose lines.

This brought heated remarks from Representative Moore in uncompromising opposition to the proposed program. Moore bitterly assailed the suggestions for reorganizing the party in the house and in the country on lines diverging from those of old straight out Republicanism. He announced he was a standpatter on the tariff and on other policies and that he would have nothing to do with the proposed reorganization.

BEACHEY QUITS FLYING

Aeronaut Says People Paid to See Him Die.

San Francisco, May 12.—Lincoln Beachey, aviator, will ever fly again, according to his statement last night at the Olympic Club.

"You could not make me enter an aeroplane at the point of a revolver," he solemnly asserted. "I'm done.

"They called me the master birdman, but there was just one thing which drew crowds to my exhibitions—a morbid desire to see something happen. They all predicted I would be killed and none wanted to miss getting in on it. They paid to see me die. They bet and the odds were always against my life."

Beachey read a roster of 24 aviators who have been killed when flying.

"Those boys were like brothers to me," he said.

"In Chicago, last September, Kearny's mother begged me not to teach Horace any more tricks. Kearny turned and said: 'Mother I must be a top-liner. I must be as good as Beachey or take a back seat. I must try the same tricks he does.'

"Three months later he was dead.

"The wife of Welsh begged him to cut out the spiral. 'Beachey does them,' he said. 'I must do them if I am to get the money.'

"Charlie was doing the reverse spiral two weeks later at Trenton, N. J.,—a wire snapped—they picked him up dead. I felt that I had murdered poor Charlie.

"A few days later his body passed through Albuquerque, where I was, with his widow and two babies. Mrs. Welsh became hysterical.

"'You made Charlie do it,' she said.

"Some time later I sent some tickets to Mrs. Ely. She sent back the tickets, writing:

"'—— —— Eugene would be with me now if he had never seen you fly.'

"At Tanforan last November, when I heard the boys talking of trying the straight glide, I wanted to quit. After the first day I could hardly work. I was in the grip of fear—not for myself, but that I would make others kill themselves. When I left the field I vowed I never would step into an aeroplane again."

The Krupp gun works in Germany is making a quick-firing gun designed especially to provide submarines with the means of destroying aeroplanes and dirigibles.

WILSON DECLARES WAR ON TAMMANY

President Has Man in Mind to Run for Mayor of New York.

Washington, May 10.—President Woodrow Wilson has declared war to a finish against Tammany Hall. It will be a war of extermination if the President is as successful as he hopes and desires to be.

Tammany received its notice when the President named John Purroy Mitchell to be collector of the port of New York. If the President has his way the war will end only after Tammany has been driven from control of the government of New York state and city and stripped of all influence in national affairs.

This war represents the most dramatic political situation in any state in the union. The beginning was when President Wilson spurned the financial assistance in his campaign tendered by Thomas F. Ryan through Col. George Harvey and Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Contempt for Tammany.

Indeed, the President gave evidence of his contempt for Tammany and its methods even before that, for in the earlier stages of the preliminary campaign to nominate him he ordered the dismissal of one of the men managing his campaign because that individual had approached Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany chief, asking him to support Wilson.

But it was not until yesterday that the politicians of the capital discovered President Wilson intends to use the full power of the federal government to assail Tammany.

As collector of the port of New York Mitchell is to be head of an office second only to that of mayor of New York in political potency. He will have 3,382 subordinates, among them 344 who draw salaries of $2,000 or better. Twenty-five of these positions are big enough to be filled by presidential appointment.

A Great Organization.

With this great organization under his command, supported by the army under the collectors of internal revenue, the greater army in the postal service in New York and by all the rest of the federal influence, Mitchell is to be the administration's candidate for mayor of New York in November of this year.

For the first time, therefore, since Grover Cleveland was President Tammany is to have formidable opposition within the Democratic party. And this time the war is to be waged for the extermination of Tammany, a thing Cleveland had the disposition to undertake, but not the political skill.

In Mitchell President Wilson has selected a New York leader he believes cannot be won by Tammany. Mitchell not only has a personal but a hereditary abhorrence of Tammany and its methods. His father was the strongest foe Tammany had in the local Democracy. Mitchell therefore goes into the fight with a double incentive.

And while the use of all the vast federal machinery of New York for purely political purposes is repugnant to the ideals of the President, and of Mitchell, for that matter, this is regarded by them as a case of fighting the devil with only adequate weapons available.

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GRATITUDE OF CROOK

Dying Man Praises One Who Gave Him Chance.

New York, May 8.—To Assistant Prosecutor James McCarthy, of Jersey City came a letter recently telling him of the last days of George St. Claire, confessed pickpocket, who sometimes called himself George Adams. It was a deathbed letter, scrawled in lead pencil on the stationery of the club in Montreal of which St. Claire had been steward for a year, since Mr. McCarthy saved him from going to Snake Hill penitentiary.

St. Claire was arrested in 1907 and was held for the grand jury's action by McCarthy, who was then a magistrate. A bondsman secured St. Claire's release and he went to Ohio, where he was indicted on a robbery charge and was locked in the Ohio state prison. St. Claire was arrested a year ago on his release from the Ohio prison and brought to New Jersey, where he pleaded guilty.

He begged Mr. McCarthy to let him have another chance, and after a conference with Judge Robert Carey, of the court of common pleas, he was released on a suspended sentence on his promise to report to Mr. McCarthy once every month. McCarthy found him a situation in the Montreal Club, and St. Claire soon rose to the highest place open to him there.

"St. Claire is dead here," said the letter which Mr. McCarthy received, "of valvular trouble of the heart. He was 42 years old. His last message for you was this: 'Tell Jim I have kept the promise I made to him and Judge Carey which saved me from prison and a life of crime a year ago. Their words of comfort and hope to me on that occasion put me back on the right road.

"'Jim—he was good to me and gave me leave to call him by that name—helped me when I thought I was good for another stick up in prison which would have been prison for life as a habitual criminal. Tell him that I pray we may meet again beyond.'"

McCarthy sent telegrams asking that St. Claire be buried in a Catholic cemetery in Montreal.

SPENT MILLIONS ON THE FLOOD

Army Wants Its Coffers Refilled as Result.

Washington, May 12.—Congress soon will be called upon to pay a bill of $1,000,000 for food, clothing, shelter and medical service supplied by the army and navy to the flood sufferers in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys recently. Secretary Garrison is preparing a deficiency estimate which must be allowed during the present session as the army funds have been so depleted that unless they are reimbursed the entire military service will be tied up until July 1.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

The fingers of Steele's pistol hand twitched.

"How I'd like to kill you!" he breathed. "You won his wife, Nome; you broke his heart—and after that he killed himself. You sent a report into headquarters that he killed himself by accident. You lied. It was you who killed him—by taking his wife. I got his skull because I thought I might need it against you to show that it was a pistol instead of a rifle that killed him. And this isn't the first man you've sent to hell, Nome, and it isn't the first woman. But your next won't be Mrs. Becker!"

He thrust his revolver almost into the other man's face as Nome opened his lips to speak.

"Shut up!" he cried. "If you open your dirty mouth again I'll be tempted to kill you where you sit! Don't you know what happened tonight? Don't you know that Mrs. Becker forgot herself, and remembered again, just in time, and that you've taken a little blood from the colonel's heart as you took all of it from---his?" He reached up and broke the string that held the skull, turning the empty face of the thing toward Nome. "Look at it, you scoundrel! That's the man you killed, as you would the colonel if you could. That's Janette!"

His voice fell to a hissing whisper as he shoved the skull slowly across the table, so close that a sudden movement would have sent it against the other's breast.

"We've been fixing this thing up between us, Bucky—M'sieur Janette and I," he went on, "and we've come to the couclusion that we won't kill you, but that you don't belong to the service. Understand?"

"You mean—to drive me out—" One of Nome's hands had stolen to his side, and Steele's pistol arm grew tense.

"On the table with your hands, Bucky! There, that's better," he laughed softly.

"Yes, we're going to drive you out. You're going to pack a few things right away, Bucky, and you're going to run like the devil away from this place. I'd advise you to go straight back to headquarters and resign from the Northwest Mounted. MacGregor knows you pretty well, Bucky, and knows one or two things you've done, even though your whole record is not an open book to him. I don't believe he'll put any obstacles in the way of your discharge although your enlistment hasn't expired. Disability is an easy plea, you know. But if the inspector should think so much of you that he is loath to let you go, then M'sieur Janette and I will have to fix up the story for headquarters, and I don't mind telling you we'll add just a little for interest, and that the woman and the people at Nelson House will swear to it. You've the making of a good outlaw, Bucky," he smiled tauntingly, "and if you follow your natural bent you'll have some of your old friends after you, good and hard. You'd better steer clear of that though, and try your hand at being honest for once. M'sieur Janette wants to give you this chance, and you'd better make good time. So get a move on, Bucky. You'll need a blanket and a little grub, that's all."

"Steele, you don't mean this! Good God, man—" Nome had half risen to his feet. "You don't mean this!"

With his free hand Philip took out his watch.

"I mean that if you are not gone within 15 minutes I'll march you over to Breed and the colonel, tell them the story of M'sieur Janette, here, and hold you until we hear from headquarters," he said quickly. "Which will it be, Nome?"

Like one stunned by a blow Nome rose slowly to his feet. He spoke no word as he carefully filled his pack with the necessities of a long journey. At the door, as he opened it to go, he turned for just an instant upon Steele, who was still holding the revolver in his hand.

"Remember, Bucky," admonished Philip in a quiet voice, "it's all for the good of yourself and the service."

Fear had gone from Nome's face. It was filled now with a hatred so intense that his teeth shone like the fangs of a snarling animal.

"To hell with you," he said, "and to hell with the service; but remember, Philip Steele, remember that some day we'll meet again."

"Some day," laughed Philip. "Good-by, Bucky Nome—deserter!"

The door closed and Nome was gone.

"Now, M'sieur Janette, it's our turn," cried Steele, smiling companionably upon the skull and loading his pipe. "It's our turn."

He laughed aloud, and for some time puffed out luxurious clouds of smoke in silence.

"It's the best day's work I've done in my life," he continued, with his eyes still upon the skull. "The very best, and it would be complete, M'sieur, if I could send you down to the woman who helped to kill yo

He stopped, and his eyes leaped with a sudden fire. "By George!" he exclaimed, under his breath. His pipe went out; for many minutes he stared with set face at the skull, as if it had spoken to him and its voice had transfixed him where he stood. Then he tossed his pipe upon the table, collected his service equipment and strapped it in his pack. After that he returned to the table with a pad of paper and a pencil and sat down. His face was strangely white as he took the skull in his hands.

"I'll do it, so help me all the gods, I'll do it!" he breathed excitedly. "M'sieur, a woman killed you—as much as Bucky Nome, a woman did it. You couldn't do her any good—but you might—another. I'm going to send you to her, M'sieur. You're a terrible lesson, and I may be a beast; but you're preaching a powerful sermon, and I guess—perhaps—you may do her good. I'll tell her your story, old man, and the story of the woman who made you so nice and white and clean. Perhaps she'll see the moral, M'sieur. Eh? Perhaps!"

For a long time he wrote, and when he had done he sealed the writing, put the envelope and the skull together in a box, and tied the whole with babiche string. On the outside he fastened another note to Breed, the factor, in which he explained that he and Bucky Nome had found it necessary to leave that very night for the west. And he heavily underscored the lines in which he directed the factor to see that the box was delivered to Mrs. Colonel Becker, and that, as he valued the honor and the friendship of the service, and especially of Philip Steele, all knowledge of it should be kept from the colonel himself.

It was 8 o'clock when he went out into the night with his pack upon his back. He grunted approval when he found it was snowing, for the track of himself and Nome would be covered. Through the thickening gloom the two or three lights in the factor's home gleamed like distant stars. One of them was brighter than the others, and he knew that it came from the rooms which Breed had fitted up for the colonel and his wife. As Philip halted for a moment, his eyes drawn by a haunting fascination to that window, the light grew clearer and brighter, and he fancied that he saw a face looking out into the night—toward his cabin. A moment later he knew that it was the woman's face. Then a door opened and a figured hurried across the open. He stepped back into the gloom of his own cabin and waited. It was the colonel. Three times he knocked loudly at the cabin door.

"I'd like to go out and shake his hand," muttered Steele. "I'd like to tell him that he isn't the only man who's had an idol broken, and that Mrs. B.'s little flirtation isn't a circumstance—to what might have happened."

Instead, he moved silently away, and turned his face into the thin trail that buried itself in the black forests of the West.

CHAPTER IV.

The Silken Scarf.

A loneliness deeper than he had ever known—a yearning that was almost pain, oppressed Philip as he left Lac Bain behind him. Half a mile from the post he stopped under a shelter of dense spruce, and stood listening as there came faintly the distant howling of a dog. After all, had he done right? He laughed harshly and his hands clenched as he thought of Bucky Nome. He had done right by him. But the skull—Mrs. Becker—was that right? Like a flash there came to him out of the darkness a picture of the scene beside the fire—of Mrs. Becker and the colonel, of the woman's golden head resting on her husband's shoulder, her sweet blue eyes filled with all the truth and glory of womanhood as she had looked up into his grizzled face. And then there took its place the scene beside the fire in the factor's room. He saw the woman's flushed cheeks as she listened to the low voice of Bucky Nome, he saw again what looked like yielding softness in her eyes—the grayish pallor in the colonel's face as he had looked upon the flirtation. Yes, he had done right. She had recovered herself in time, but she had taken a little bit of life from the colonel, and from him. She had broken his ideal—the ideal he had always hoped for, and had sought for, but had never found, and he told himself that now she was no better than the girl of the hyacinth letter, whose golden beauty and eyes as clear as an angel's had concealed this same deceit that wrecked men's lives. M'sieur Janette's clean, white skull and the story of how and why M'sieur Janette had died would not be too great a punishment for her.

He resumed his journey, striving to concentrate his mind on other things. Seven or eight miles to the south and west was the cabin of Jacques Pierrot, a half-breed, who had a sledge and dogs. He would hire Jacques to accompany him on his patrol in place of Bucky Nome. Then he would return to Nelson House and send in his report of Bucky Nome's desertion, since he knew well enough after the final remarks of that gentleman that he did not intend to sever his connection with the Northwest Mounted in the regular way. After that— He shrugged his shoulders as he thought of the 14 months of service still ahead of him. Until now his adventure as a member of the Royal Mounted had not grown monotonous for an hour. Excitement, action, fighting against odds, had been the spice of life to him, and he struggled to throw off the change that had taken hold of him the moment he had opened the hyacinth-scented letter of Mrs. Becker. "You're a fool," he argued. "You're as big a fool as Bucky Nome. My God — you —Phil Steele—letting a married woman upset you like this!"

It was near midnight when he came to Pierrot's cabin, but a light was still burning in the half-breed's log home. Philip kicked off his snow shoes and knocked at the door. In a moment Pierrot opened it, stepped back, and stared at the white figure that came in out of the storm.

"Mon Dieu—it ees you—Mee-sair Philip!"

Philip held out his hand to Jacques and shot a quick glance about him. There had been a change in the cabin since he had visited it last. One of Pierrot's hands was done up in a sling, his face was thin and pale, and his dark eyes were sunken and lusterless. In the little wilderness home there was an air of desertion and neglect, and Philip wondered where Pierrot's rosy-cheked, black-haired wife and his half dozen children had gone.

"Mon Dieu—it ees you, Mee-sair Philip," cried Pierrot again, his face lighting up with pleasure. "You come late. You are hongree?"

"I've had supper," replied Philip. "I've just come from Lac Bain. But what's up, old man—?" He pointed to Peirrot's hand, and looked questionably about the cabin again.

"Eh—Iowla—my wife—she is at Churchill, over on the bay," groaned Jacques. "And so are the children. What! You did not hear at Lac Bain? Iowla is taken seek—ver' seek—with a strange thing which—ugh!—has to be fixed with a knife, Mee-sair Philip. An' so I take her to the doctor over at Churchill, an' he fix her—an' she is growing well now, an' will soon come home. She keep the children with her. She say they mak' her think of Jacques, on his trap-line. Eh—it ees lonely—dam'—dam' lonely, and I have been gone from my Iowla but two weeks tomorrow."

"You have been with her at Fort Churchill?" asked Philip, taking off his pack and coat.

"Oui, M'sieur," said Jacques, falling into his French. "I have been there since November. What! They did not tell you at Lac Bain?"

"No—they did not tell me. But I was there but a few hours, Jacques. Listen—" He pulled out his pipe and began filling it, with his back to the stove. "You saw people—strangers—at Fort Churchill, Jacques? They came over on the London ship, and among them there was a woman—

Pierrot's pale face flashed up with sudden animation.

"Ah—zee angel!" he cried. "That is what my Iowla called her, M'sieur. See!" He pointed to his bandaged hand. "Wan day that bete—the Indian dog of mine—did that, an' we'n I jumped up from the snow in front of the company's store, the blood running from me, I see her standing there, white and scared. An' then she run to me with a little scream, an' tear something from her neck, an' tie it round my hand. Then she go with me to my cabin, and every day after that she come to see my Iowla an' the children. She wash little Pierre, an' cut his hair. She wash Jean an' Mabelle. She laugh an' sing an' hol' the baby, an' my Iowla laugh and sing; an' she takes down my Iowla's hair, which is so long that it falls to her knees, an' does it up in a wonderful way an' says she would give everything she got if she could have hair like that. An' my Iowla laugh at her, because her hair is like an angel's—like fire w'en the sun is on it; an' my Iowla tak' hers down, all red and gold, an' do it up in the Cree way. And w'en she brings the man with her—he laughs and plays with the kids, an' says he knows the doctor and that there will be nothing to pay for all that he is done. Ah—she ees wan be-e-eautiful-l-l angel! An' this—this is what she tied around my hand."

With new life Pierrot went to a covered box nailed against one of the log walls and a moment later placed in Philip's hands a long, white silken neck-scarf. Once more there rose to his nostrils the sweet, faint scent of hyacinth, and with a sudden low cry Philip crushed the dainty fabric in a mass to his face. In that moment it seemed as though the sweetness of the woman herself was with him, stirring him at last to confess the truth—the thing which he had fought against so fiercely in those few hours at Lac Bain; and the knowledge that he had surrendered to himself, that in going from Lac Bain he was leaving all that the world held for him in the way of woman and love, drew his breath from him in another broken, stifled cry.

When he lowered the scarf his face was white. Pierrot was staring at him.

"It makes me think—of home," he explained lamely. "Sometimes I get lonely, too. There's a girl—down there—who wears a scarf like this, and what she wears smells like a flower, just as this does—"

"Oui, I understand," said Pierrot softly. "It is the way I feel when my Iowla is gone."

He replaced the scarf in the box, and when he returned to the stove Philip explained why he had come to his cabin. With Pierrot's promise to accompany him with dogs and sledge on his patrol the next day he prepared to go to bed. Pierrot also was undressing, and Philip said to him casually

"This woman—at—Chruchill—Jacques—what if some one should tell you that she is not so much of an angel after all—that she is, perhaps, something like—like the woman over at Lac la Biche, who ran away with the Englishman?"

Pierrot straightened as though Philip had thrust a knife-point into his back. He broke forth suddenly into French.

"I would call him a liar, M'sieur," he cried fiercely. "I would call him a liar, once—twice—three times, and then if he said it again I would fight him. Mon Dieu, but it would be no sin to kill one with a mouth like that!"

Philip was conscious of the hot blood rushing to his face as he bent over his bunk. The depths of Pierrot's faith shamed him, and he crawled silently between the blankets and turned his face to the wall. Pierrot extinguished the light, and a little later Philip could hear his deep breathing. But sleep refused to close his own eyes, and he lay on his back, painfully awake. In spite of the resolution he had made to think no more of the woman at Lac Bain, his mind swept him back to her irresistibly. He recalled every incident that had occurred, every word that she had spoken, since he had first looked upon her beautiful face out on the Churchill trail. He could find nothing but purity and sweetness until he came with her for that fatal hour or two into the company of Bucky Nome. And then, again, his blood grew hot. But—after all—was there not some little excuse for her? He thought of the hundreds of women he had known and wondered if there was one among them all who had not at some time fallen into this same little error as Mrs. Becker. For the first time he began to look at himself. Mrs. Becker had laughed with Bucky Nome, her cheeks had grown a little flushed, her eyes had shone radiantly—but were these things a sin? Had those same eyes not looked up into his own, filled with a sweetness that thrilled him, when he bent over her beside the fire out on the Churchill trail. Was there not that same lovely flush in her face wh his lips had almost touched her hair? And had not the colonel's sudden return brought a flush into both their faces? He smiled to himself, and for a moment he thrilled ecstatically. The reaction came like a shock. In an instant other scenes—other faces—flashed upon him, and again he saw the luring, beautiful face of Eileen Hawkins, who smiled on men as Mrs. Becker had smiled on Bucky Nome and on him.

He closed his eyes and tried to force himself into sleep, but failed. At last he rose silently from his bunk, filled his pipe, and sat down in the darkness beside the stove. The storm had increased to a gale, wailing and moaning over the cabin outside, and the sound carried him back to the last night in the cabin far to the south, when he had destroyed the hyacinth scented letter. The thought of the letter moved him restlessly. He listened to Pierrot's breathing, and knew that the half-breed was asleep. Then he rose to his feet and laid his pipe on the table. A curious feeling of guilt came over him as he moved toward the box in which Jacques had placed the silken scarf. His breath came quickly; in the dark his eyes shone; a tingling thrill of strange pleasure shot through him as his fingers touched the thing for which they were searching. He drew the scarf out, and returned to the stove with it, crushing it in both his hands. The sweetness of it came to him again like the woman's breath. It was the sweetness of her hair, of the golden coils massed in the firelight; a part of the woman herself, of her glorious eyes, her lips, her face—and suddenly he crushed the fabric to his own face, and stood there, trembling in the darkness, while Jacques Pierrot slept and the storm wailed and moaned over his head. For he knew—now—that he would do more for this woman than Jacques Pierrot could ever do; more, perhaps, than even the colonel, her husband, would do. His heart seemed bursting with a new and terrible pain, and the truth at last seemed to rise and choke him. He loved her. He loved this woman, the wife of another man. He loved her as he had never dreamed that he could love a woman, and with the scarf still smothering his lips and face he stood for many minutes, silent and motionless, gathering himself slowly from out of the appalling depths into which he had allowed himself to plunge.

Then he folded the scarf, and instead of returning it to the box, put it in one of the pockets of his coat.

"Pierrot won't care," he excused himself. "And it's the only thing, little girl—the only thing—I'll ever have—of you."

(To Be Continued.)

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

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There is an opening in the Ohio penitentiary for an editor, but the work is very confining.

President Wilson doesn't ride a horse, but he gets lots of exercise by smashing precedents.

What can the psychologists tell us about the man who bequeathed $25,000 to his wife's next husband?

Why do some editors, bright, optimistic fellows, insist upon referring to this world as a vale of tears.

"Love," says Helen Howland, "is the wine of life, the tonic of the gods." Looks as if spring had come to Helen.

We haven't heard anybody find fault with May weather. We even found one chronic grouch who seemed pleased.

Fourth-class postmasters must pass civil service examinations. The fact that they can read postal cards will not let them by.

The Missouri judge who ruled that love at 77 is not a sign of insanity believed in giving the old men a chance to enjoy spring.

A Des Moines woman has married the divorced husband of her daughter. But let us not get mixed up in other people's family affairs.

In Kansas City dealers are selling goat's flesh for mutton. One would think that purchasers would be able to smell the difference.

Mary Full Stomach, an Indian girl, has a position in the interior department. Looks as if she might be the right woman in the right place.

A New Jersey school is going to teach what is called "the art of milking cows." But milking cows isn't an art, it's a job, especially during the fly season.

Mr. Bryan must find it a great comfort to travel about the country without having to make a rear platform speech every time the train stops

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, the new British ambassador, is said to be a man of modern democratic demeanor. But one wouldn't think it to look at his name.

Dr. Anna Shaw doesn't believe there has even been a bad man in favor of woman suffrage. Not hopelessly bad, of course; otherwise he would be on the other side.

When it comes to riding on street cars, Henry W. Longfellow's grandson thinks all the women lack is brains. He offers no criticism against the hobble skirt.

"There will come a time," says a scientist, "when people will read each other's minds like reading a book." Like a book? That means that they'll go to sleep reading.

We're not pessimistic enough to agree with the New York Press when it says the proposed tariff "will give the backbone of the country a kick in the pit of the stomach."

A Pennsylvania man drank a quart of whisky on a bet recently and was then run over by an express train. The combination was more than his system could withstand.

A Brooklyn woman complained to the magistrate that her husband spanked her every time she got drunk. This is another confirmation of the theory that there are two sides to every story.

According to a recent bulletin of the United States Bureau of Education the little red school house is not keeping up with the procession of progress. Maybe that is because they have painted it white.

"Did Paul Revere Take His Ride?" is the headline over an article questioning the accuracy of Longfellow's poem. But why should a poet be accurate? It is not probable that there ever was a Maud Muller who raked hay and sighed that she the judge's bride might be.

BEST ASSURANCE OF PEACE.

The removal of Dr. Lyman Abbott from the list of vice presidents of the American Peace Society, as a rebuke for signing an appeal for naval appropriations, fails in its intention of advertising the doctor as an enemy of peace. To all except persons of the queer turn of mind of those in present control of the society it will emphasize his position as an advocate of peace—a reasonable and sensible advocate.

The principle to which the American Peace society appears to have committed itself is, in brief, that the best assurance of international peace lies in national helplessness. The fewer ships in the American navy the less prospect of an American war. The weaker its navy the stronger grip has the nation upon the respect of great nations armed to the teeth, eager to bully, hungry for land, ruthless and utterly selfish of policy. This, the logic of a "Peace" society.

If a man living in a rough country, surrounded by neighbors whom he mistrusted and who were, as he knew, quick upon the trigger, should be asked to throw away his own trusty arms, the man would have no answer save of indignation and disgust.

The American Peace Society, in principle, asks just this thing of Uncle Sam. It asks it at a time when southern Europe still flames with war. It asks it at a time when a north European country frets daily against its narrow quarters and talks of the coming day when it must "expand." The society finds virtue in disarmament at a time when public meetings are held in the capital of an Asiatic nation at which the government is urged to descend on Uncle Sam's coast as descent was made upon Port Arthur without the time-honored formality of declaring war.

A peaceful man, but practical, would look for signs of his quarrelsome and burglarious neighbors—if such he had—throwing away their weapons before he'd throw away his own. Are there such signs among the nations who jostle the elbows of Uncle Sam? None at all perceptible—not even to the peculiar vision of the American Peace Society.

THE FAITH OF LANGLEY.

Professor Langley in aeronautics was the man with the vision. He was confident that flight was possible with machines heavier than air though a fellow scientist of greater distinction had figured by the logic of mathematics that the thing could not be.

Langley had the genius to build a model which did fly. But he was sensitive to a morbid degree and when congress responsive to the jeering and ridicule of careless and thoughtless people, refused an appropriation to carry the work on, he lost interest in his flying machine and, shortly after, interest in life. It remained for the cool and inflexible ambition of Wilbur and Orville Wright to make the vision of Langley a reality.

Seventeen years after Professor Langley's last experiment in aeronautics a tablet has been unveiled to his honor in the place which had been his work room. It is spoken of as a tribute to the genius of "advanced aviation." But also it should be spoken of as a tribute to that far vision which is one of the things which mark great men off from the common run of humanity. It would be well if some way could be found to put the example of Professor Langley's work in every place where the spirit of "it can't be done" is guide and governor.

GETTING EVEN ON GUN-WADS.

By trading votes, helping out a fellow congressman here and supporting a fellow congressman there, the representative at Washington manages to get protection for the industries of his district, or to save them from blows harder than they can stand when the cry is for reduced customs duties. This is the historic and traditional way of rolling a tariff bill along from acids to zaffer.

But in this same scheme of things are possibilities for retaliation. If the other fellow will not scratch your back, you won't scratch his. For example may be cited the hot-breathed threat of Mr. Johnson, representative from Washington, whose endeavors to obtain a protective duty on shingles ran counter to the views and desires of Mr. Donovan, representative from Connecticut. Said Mr. Johnson, of Washington:

> Mr. Chairman, I wish to give notice that I shall ask to have gun-wads placed on the free list when the item is reached. They are here in the bill at 11 per cent ad valorem. For years they have never been at less than 20 per cent, and they have never brought in over $300 revenue, but that tariff has been sufficient to keep German wads to I want to impress on my friend from Connecticut that all business industries everywhere will suffer as those over which he is worrying. Gun-wads are manufactured by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. and the Winchester Arms Co., two of the industries of Connecticut. Let them wince with the rest of us. Further, I want to say that if all the industries of my state are to suffer through free trade, then I hope that we can have some free gun-wads from Germany with which to shoot a little game upon which to live.

If a congressman must stand by and see in his mind's eye the factories of his district closed and ruinous and, at the same time see his chances for re-election to Washington go glimmering, there is yet left him the satisfaction of cutting and slashing and mowing among the industries his fellows in congress are endeavoring to save.

RECORD RECOVERY.

The Pennsylvania railroad, reporting on the damage it suffered in the Ohio floods, says that 24 bridges were lost and 50 others injured, entailing an outlay of $1,145,000 to replace and repair. Nearly five miles of temporary trestle work has been put in at a cost of $362,000. Road-bed injured amounted to 163 miles, affecting 218 miles of track. The company says that the total loss it must bear will reach $3,610,000.

Yet in spite of the washed out bridges, the lost tracks, the delays in train service and the very serious damage to accustomed routine, the Pennsylvania has been able to announce in this same report upon the flood that "customary gross earnings are again being realized."

It is a wonderful organization which can take such a blow and recover with such marvelous speed. It is only an institution of vast resources which can speak of the complete loss of millions of dollars and at the same time announce that everything is going along as nicely as ever.

THE FUN OF THE CHASE.

As members of the British house of commons were filing into the Parliament building for the purpose of voting upon a woman suffrage bill, street boys were crying the news that the militants had set fire to one of the great churches of London.

This can but confirm the conviction that these "delightful ladies"—as the vicar of the ruined church termed them—have lost interest in their professed aim. They are really not after votes, not after equality in the law, but after the pleasure and excitement of worrying a lot of lawmakers and setting the nerves of a nation upon edge. It has been charged that Mrs. Pankhurst and her arson brigade have, in secret, abandoned the votes for women movement and now burn buildings and pour glue into post boxes for the profit and power there is in it for them. That is a view near at hand, where views are likely to be prejudiced. We cannot think the militants have ever consciously abandoned their cause, but have done so unconsciously because the pursuit of the ballot has turned out to be so much more interesting and entertaining than it was ever hoped that having the ballot would be.

As the situation appears at long distance, we would say that a grant of the rights of suffrage would come as a disappointment to the belligerent division of the English suffrage movement. The thought of an end forever to this newly-discovered sport could be nothing except abhorrent.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

The owners of the Pennsylvania railroad numbered 44,175 in 1904. They now number more than 74,000. The stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe railroad is held by nearly twice as many owners as held it eight years ago. The ownership of the New York Central and that of the New York, New Haven & Hartford is twice as widely distributed as it was in 1904. The shares of the Southern Pacific have been so well distributed that there are six times as many owners today as there were eight years ago.

The Interstate Commerce commission reports that the number of share holders in 19 railway lines has increased 98.7 per cent in the years between 1904 and 1912. The rate of distribution is very nearly the same in the case of the other railroads.

Though this doesn't conform to the strict definition of public ownership, it actually is public ownership. It is a public ownership which yet avoids the cumbersomeness, the red-tape, the waste and the political entanglements and intricacies which are associated with outright government ownership.

BACK O FTHE LAW-MAKING.

Mr. James J. Hill's suggestion that congress be adjourned for 10 years is a pretty little compliment for congress. For it is as much as to say that the law-making, some of which is contrary to Mr. Hill's personal views and inciting to his sense of combativeness, all has its origin in the national capitol.

The truth is that very little legislation starts with congress, and none at all involving the big and vital policies of government. The need for changes in laws is not felt in Washington until it is felt as pressure from without. Opinion in the cross-roads stores, in the street cars, in railroad trains, across the corn field fences, in hotels, and clubs and lodge rooms and wherever men meet and express their minds; this is the power which sets the machinery of law-making to going. The products are not always fortunate. They are not always what was wished for or demanded. They sometimes, are rank misinterpretations of the opinion and wish. But praise or blame for the ideas upon which legislation is based does not belong to congress, but to the people. Congress does not initiate. It only follows—and not infrequently years in the rear.

If congress adjourned for a decade public opinion would still be manufactured. What could not be compassed by reason of the stilled mechanism of law-making would be brought about by other means. The power of public opinion is far greater than the power bestowed upon a governmental institution.

FREIGHT BY ELECTRICITY.

Possibly because the street railway companies and the interurban corporations were the first to utilize electric locomotion, it has been assumed that electrification would not do for heavy freight traffic purposes. But it seems that that is a misconception.

The Norfolk & Western Railroad Co. is about to electrify 75 miles of tracks, including yardage, in the southern part of West Virginia where some of the railroad grades are as difficult as two feet in every hundred feet. The company's chief business in that district is in coal and it has been necessary for it to break trains into small units, so that a continuous procession of coal trains passes over its lines. Through electrification, the railroad expects to be able to make up large trains and to utilize much more of a trackage now overburdened with freight traffic. In place of the steam locomotives making and carrying their own power will be electric locomotives of a very large type drawing upon unlimited power created cheaply at coal mines in the district.

The Electric Railway Journal, commenting upon this enterprise, says that "the only surprising feature of the proposed electrification is that it can be classed as the first of its kind in this country, where so many similar situations exist."

Electric propulsion for the purpose of passenger carriage has been tested to the last detail upon electrified divisions of two or three eastern railroads. The Norfolk & Western will provide the hardest kind of a test for electricity in meeting the problems of freight haulage. It is probable that little doubt is entertained as to the outcome.

THE BARRIER OF SEX.

A Minneapolis young woman who attracted attention by advertising for a job as a farm hand, says:

> "I can take care of myself, and I'll bet that I can beat some men at their own jobs at that. I could stand the hardships and I would not expect to be treated any easier than a man is, while I am working. If I can get as good wages in the country as I can get here I shall leave immediately. Life on a ranch has no terrors for me."

For the woman, too, who does the cleaning, bedmaking, cooking and dishwashing on a farm, the work in the fields and stables has no terror. The difficulty with her is that, by reason of her sex, she is not permitted to perform these lighter tasks.

SCHOOLING FOR CONVICTS.

No one rightly knows what should be done with convicts. But it is very certain that the thing which should not be done is to treat them as it has been the custom to treat them. That way only brutalized men. It only confirmed criminals in their criminality. It made the word penitentiary—a place for the penitent and contrite!—a monstrous joke.

The establishment of a school for the convicts at Columbus will not be a cure for criminal inclinations or a process for undoing the training of criminal years. The way to the millennium is not through education, as once was fervently believed. But the school will bring light to many minds which have been dark. It will open a country rich and fair to many minds that have had familiarity only with the hard and vicious sides of life. Not every attendant at this convict school will find regeneration in his schooling, but every convict who sincerely desires to change his way of life, to conquer a have in his teachings a strong weapon for his purpose when he faces the world again.

Too much must not be expected of the penitentiary. It must be counted as one of many things with which a cruel and outworn system is to be displaced and the right system for the treatment of wrongdoers is hit upon. It is the making of the path which shall, in time, become the great highway.

THE TARIFF AND POLITICS.

The cost of living is a vexed question of the day. Yet few of us could be absurd enough to fall in behind a handful of politicians who purposed fixing unalterably the prices you should pay for chops, cabbages, rent and parlor furniture. There might be need of an increase in the traffic in order that the walking public may be properly protected. Still, you wouldn't look to politics to provide that protection. There has been considerable talk throughout the country about the advisability of establishing, by political action, a general system of minimum wages. But the people most opposed to that are the labor unions, consisting of wage earners.

The tariff, as we deal with it in this country, is wholly a matter of prices, protection and rates for labor. But instead of treating it as we would the price of beef, the problem of safety and the earning power of hand and head, we let the tariff be bandied about as a ranting point for spellbinders, as a rallying banner for partisans, as a struggle between geographical sections, as a game in which you endeavor to buy lower and sell higher than your neighbor, as a measure to support to the last ditch because fellow politicians support it, or to fight to the last barrier because we have made certain extravagant statements in an election campaign.

The tariff is in its mildest form merely a taxation expedient; in its highest development, a complex economic principle. We should refuse to let the tariff be muddled up with politics just as the American Federation of Labor fights shy of every movement tending to confuse its economic affairs in the fog of politics.

Some day, and that perhaps, not far away, we shall do with the tariff as the Germans have done—sit down and study it calmly and thoroughly, even if it take years, and build a tariff system upon a foundation that no political emotionalism and political snap-judgment can shake.

Maybe, when the government gets the frog raising business started on the road to success, congressmen will want to send out free tadpoles to their constituents.

One should never ask to borrow a clothesline of a neighbor who has a baby.

The plug hat is one hundred years old, but at that it looks pretty good on a few men.

Sunday School

WHEN THE DREAM CAME TRUE

International Sunday School Lesson for May 18 Is "Joseph Meets His Brethren." Gen. 42.

By William T. Ellis.

The way a person uses power gives one a fair idea of his character. Part of the "Servant problem" is clearly due to the fact that many mistresses are not fit to be employers. Most workers know the petty tyrannies of the foreman who has not the temperament that should go with authority. Some school teachers are bullies. There are parents, unworthy to be such, who brow-beat and terrorize their children. Occasionally an editor or a writer uses his power over the public to print to "get even" with his personal enemies. There are public officials without a public mind who pursue private vengeance through their office. The magnanimity or meanness, the greatness or pettiness of a character is revealed by its use of authority.

When a man gets the upper hand how shall he use it? The story of Joseph makes answer. The incident has a practical and present bearing, for most of our enemies are at some time or other delivered over into our power. And practically everybody at some time or another has authority over somebody else. There are great truths to be learned by contemplation of the conduct of Joseph, who, delivered from prison, sat on a dazzling throne of almost supreme authority.

The Dreamer's Triumph.

One personal triumph was not to be denied Joseph in his new estate. When the brothers who had once plotted to slay him came down to Egypt in search of food, and were prostrate on their faces before his judgment seat, his mind went back to the dreams of his boyhood, of the 11 sheaves bowing down to the twelfth, which he had rashly told to these same men. As the narrative has it, "Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them." He failed to recall how the wheel of life had turned. God fulfills His promises in His own time and way.

Absolute power over these enemies was in the hands of Joseph. He could put them in jail; he could subject them to the lash; he could send them to death; he could reward them royally. The Arabian Nights has no more dramatic episode. Happily, the story is one of magnanimity, tinged with romance. Joseph showed his greatness on this occasion even as he had shown his greatness in Potiphar's house and in prison.

The Land of Refuge.

The way this old book called the Bible fits the conditions of the lands about which it writes, is one of the proofs of its genuineness. That the pastoral folk of Canaan should move down to Egypt for help was most natural. I have met modern Syrians on the same errand. Nothing was more natural than that Jacob should send his sons down to Egypt for grain. It had always been, and is still, the big rich neighbor of Canaan. The graduates of Syrian Protestant College at Beirut still find their careers in Egypt. Egypt sheltered Abraham; Egypt harbored Joseph; Egypt was a haven for Jacob and his family, and for the Hebrew race in training. Later this same land of refuge gave hospitality to Jacob's greatest Son. One's thoughts of Egypt as he looks upon it from afar, or moves about its pyramids and palaces, and marvelous monuments, are tender, grateful thoughts.

"Conscience Doth Make Cowards."

The ten hulking sons of Jacob had not the real manhood qualities of their father. In the emergency which the famine had brought upon the family encampment they were not the ones who saw the way out, but the old man himself. Threatened with suffering and possible starvation by the famine in Canaan, Jacob bade his sons go down to Egypt to buy grain. They were coming to that pass when all their possessions were worth nothing except as they might purchase food. I have seen famine victims sell their furniture, their clothes, and even the timbers of their houses, all for a little food.

The sons were startled at the suggestion that they should go to Egypt. Somewhere in that land was their brother Joseph, now a slave if he had not died under the lash. The vision of him was a haunting spectre. They demurred against going to Egypt, for their fear populated the whole land with wronged Josephs. Thus does every evil deed rise up to limit and affright us, halting us in the hour of duty and of opportunity.

These men knew nothing of the facts concerning their brother. Theirs had been a stagnant life; they had stood still, according to their characters, even as Joseph had built up, thought by thought and deed by deed, the great personality which now governed the largest empire of the time. They never dreamed in their wildest flights of fear or fancy that their enslaved brother had been growing all the while they had been rusticating. It is very hard for the stay-at-home villager to believe in the greatness of his playmate who has gone out into the big world. It was not fear of Joseph, but mere the cowardice of a guilty conscience that made the brothers reluctant to go to bed in the dark.

The Dramatic Meeting.

One of the great pictures of literature is this of the ten brothers before Joseph, supplicating him for food. The careful system of espionage which prevailed in Egypt, and still exists in some Oriental lands, had brought news to the government of this detachment of ten men from the region toward which Egypt was ever looking for an enemy. Joseph had them brought before him in person. The ten shepherds, clad in their camels' hair cloaks, prostrated themselves on the ground before this great ruler, even as it is done today. They did not recognize their brother Joseph, for the youth of 18 had become the man of 38; the 20 years had wrought changes in his face as well as in his fortune. Besides, he wore the head-dress of a ruler and was clothed in the garments of state.

It was from this episode that President Wilson drew the figure of speech which he used in his inaugural address: "The feelings with which we face this new age of life and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled, and the Judge and the Brother are one."

These supplicants saw Joseph only as judge; they did not realize that his heart was that of a brother.

Shall We "Get Even?"

By all Oriental usages, Joseph should have wrought terrible vengeance upon the men who had betrayed him. He had despotic power. It was the way of rulers to punish and even to torture enemies who had fallen into their hands. When the Chinese Provincial Assembly gathered in Nanking, after the victory of the revolutionary forces, the question arose as to how the Manchu soldiers, who had slaughtered thirty thousand Christians, should be punished. The Christians in the Assembly insisted that reprisals would be wrong. They contended for, and carried, the Christian doctrine of forgiveness.

The greatest thing that a man can do to an enemy—greatest for the man himself, even more than for the enemy—is to have mercy upon him. The ability to forgive is the sign either of an utterly weak character or of a really great character. The ordinary mind of small calibre frets and nags and seeks reprisal. The doctrines of forgiveness taught by Jesus were practiced by Joseph two thousand years earlier.

Testing the Ten.

Magnanimity is one thing; guileless folly is quite another. The governor of a certain American state who has been pardoning criminals indiscriminately, is not to be accredited with the compassion of the great, but with the folly of the ignorant and the vicious. It is not mercy to turn loose upon the community an enemy of society. Joseph could not, without examination, let these men go on their way, for the absence of Benjamin from their number raised the question whether they had not made away with Jacob's youngest son, even as they had tried to destroy Joseph. Upon his last meeting with them, these brothers had shown themselves unnatural and murderous-minded men.

When he raised difficulties before the visitors and taxed them with being spies, they were filled with sudden remorse. Their thoughts flew back to the brother they had wronged, for thus do our evil deeds rise to accuse us in every crisis. The modern proverb has it, "Be sure your sin will find you out." These men thought that their sin had been found out, but really it had only found them out. A dramatic fact about the whole episode was that Joseph, who had been talking through an interpreter, understood every word that these conscience-smitten men said one to another. He learned all he wanted to know about his family, but he was overcome with a flood of emotion; for Joseph the ruler was first of all Joseph the man.

An Appreciation of W. T. Ellis

Editor Blade—Imagine my surprise when I hurried to see what Mr. Ellis had said of "Joseph Interprets Dreams," and found that no message appeared. Your explanation was good as explanations go, but nobody can take the place of Mr. Ellis. He has a way of saying things which is peculiarly his own.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown
Strange we never prize the violet
Till the lovely flower is gone.

I think he ought to know how much he is missed. C. H. DICKERS.
Nicholasville, Ky.

WIZARDS DINE IN LONDON

Perform Bewildering Tricks at Magic Circle Banquet.

London Telegraph.

The wizards at Anderton's hotel at the seventh annual banquet of the Magic Circle, under the presidency of Nevil Maskelyne, bore themselves like ordinary citizens for the greater part of the evening. Their real and extraordinary nature came out, however, at last. The magicians began competing among themselves in the performance of wonders.

Cecil Lyle started hat trimming by magic, causing an ostrich plume and some white fox trimming to drape itself on an untrimmed hat without the agency of human hands. Chris Hilton manufactured union jacks and other flags out of plain colored handkerchiefs. William Dawkes fused a number of billiard balls into one. Herbert Collings produced out of an empty sealed envelope replies to advertisements taken at random from a daily newspaper, while Dr. Herschell carried out a series of uncanny tricks with cards. In an interval, Miss Sybil Goodchild sang one or two songs. Immediately afterward, however, the magicians recommenced competing one against the other in bewildering exhibitions of magical skill.

It was self-evident that evening dress, so far as modern magicians are concerned, is a mere deception. Even without the wand, the pointed shoes and the cabalistic signs upon their clothes, they are unquestionably magicians still.

A Poem Worth While

April Rain.

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccanneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

Opinions of the People

The Uselessness of War.

Editor Blade—In my opinion war, with all the necessary conditions incident to it, is wrong, because of the great slaughter caused by it and also the financial losses. Men are beginning to realize the uselessness of war. The days of the open hand to hand conflict have passed. War today is not a test of valor and patriotism of a nation, but is a test of the superiority of the implements of war. This has brought about competition between nations in the construction of engines of destruction.

A modern battleship is built at the cost of a small sized city. Nations are building more each year. It is time to end this useless expenditure of money where it cannot do any good. If the money that was spent in the late Balkan war had been appropriated for the advancement of learning, it would have done much more good. America's civil strife plunged her in debt for two generations. Great religious organizations of today have denounced the wholesale slaughter of warfare. Two nations disagree; they muster their forces in anger and meet upon the battlefield; one is slain. That is patriotism. Two men disagree; in anger they come to blows; one is slain. That is murder. This was the old idea, but great religious thinkers of today are refusing to make a distinction. If one is murder, then the other is murder. If the nation is to be considered a moral person, it should also be considered as an individual person. If it is wrong for a man to slay another man, it is wrong for a nation to slay another nation.

But the days of war are almost past. An international peace convention will meet in San Francisco in 1915, to discuss plans for universal peace and the elimination of war All that is now needed to establish universal peace is to awaken a public sentiment in favor of it.—Homer Powell, Peebles, Ohio.

Dams, Electricity, Irrigation.

Strong, durable, concrete dams, that can withstand floods, constructed at a minimum cost, possessing maximum strength, to furnish power for electrical and irrigating purposes are much in demand. To build a short dam, a wide channel should be dug across the stream's bed, 20 feet to 40 feet deep, convex up stream, extending some distance into the banks. Fill with concrete for a foundation upon which to build the dam, which, above the bed of stream, should be reinforced lengthwise and from top to bed rock, with heavy steel rods, forming a network of same within the dam. Floods, ice jams, contraction and expansion caused by heat and cold, could not destroy this dam. People and property below it would be safe. A long dam could be built on this plan by putting in several short convex curves, using extra posts at ends of each curve and filling in such concave places, on upstream side, with clay, gravel, dirt or riprap. The object being to make a slant upstream, thus turning the water pressure downward, toward the center of gravity, thereby relieving a part of the down stream pressure, which is 62.5 lbs per cubic foot.

It is not generally known that electricity is as great a boon to the farmer as to the city people. It is a fertilizer and when applied to plants and young animals increases their growth rapidly from 15 to 100 per cent annually. It is also nature's great health restorer. For irrigating truck gardens, water and electricity may both be used at the same time. One inch tubing can be used for posts. Smaller perforated tubing hung on movable wires overhead can be charged with electricity and filled with water ready to be turned on at any time. Electricity will soon be absorbed from the air.

If people now living could return to earth a hundred years hence, they could see all machinery propelled by electricity and smaller farms blooming like flower gardens. All heating, lighting, cooking, washing of clothes and dishes, churning and scrubbing in the home will be done by electricity. Housework will be a pleasure. Boys will stay on the farm, for the plowing, sowing, reaping and mowing will be done by electricity. Knowledge, reason and invention will bring about these pleasing results. People will once more return to the soil and enjoy the most tranquil life, and thereby cheapen farm products.—F. L. Vars, Nile, N. Y.

THE FIRES OF FRIESLAND

EVERY year on the eve of St. Peter's day piles of straw are lighted throughout north Friesland on old sepulchral mounds or in places sanctified by tradition. From place to place these bonfires answer one another and from island to island far away out to sea.

The custom is a very old one. In earlier times the majority of the menfolk of north Friesland earned their living on the sea. In winter they stayed at home, but as soon as the days got longer, when spring came round or even earlier, they put out to sea. Once again the people gathered together to a feast, the flames shot up and sped the news from island to island that preparations were being made for departure, and then they went.

In heathenish times they danced round the blazing fires and called on their god Woden for his protection, and an old Latin rhyme which has come down to us in a mutilated form shows that the custom dates back to the times of the Romans and the migrations. At that remote epoch in dancing round the fire they uttered the name of the god Jupiter and besought him to eat their sacrifice.

At that time it is known that the Fresians went to the most distant shores in search of war and plunder, and consequently such a festival was fully justified. A still greater significance attached to the festival in the times of the Vikings, to whom the Friesians attached themselves and undertook long and dangerous journeys in their company.

When Christianity found an entrance into the land, says the Hamburger Nachrichten, the rough manners of the population were of course toned down, but the church fought in vain against the old custom, and the fires continued to blaze as of yore. At last the church felt itself compelled to put a veneer of propriety on the old wicked carousal and the festival was fully restored to its pre-eminence as a popular fete. The fires of joy were now christened "Bieken" and the next day was given up to great banqueting and dancing.

How many earnest prayers from wives, mothers, brides, elders and children have ascended to heaven at these "Bieken!" The day after was set apart for the departure of the men, who trooped to the harbors and put out to sea, followed by the good wishes of those they left behind them.

The latter at once started upon a new kind of existence, a life of rest and simplicity. After St. Peter's day no more lamps were lit; the simple supper was eaten by the light and instead of generous diet only bread and water stood on the table. The summer passed in quiet work, and then all minds turned to their loved ones far away and the hopes of their return.

VARIETIES

Russia's hop harvest for 1912 was 914 tons.

Petroleum production is rapidly increasing in Mexico.

New Zealand exported over 42,000,000 pounds of butter in 1912.

California's 1913 mining output, it is predicted, will exceed $100,000,000 in value.

The Atlantic ocean has an area of 24,536 square miles.

Forty-two per cent of the population of America lives in cities.

Sweeden in 1919 produced agricultural machinery valued at $6,770,918.

Los Angeles is to have a cotton factory to cost $1,000,000, and to employ 3,500 workers.

The governments of Germany and Hungary maintain bureaus for testing farm machinery.

Germany imported from the United States in 1913 $158,000,000 worth of raw cotton.

The world's wealth, as expressed by par value of stock exchange securities is $115,800,000,000.

Ecuador has prohibited the importation of explosives except on government permit.

Locust has the greatest living tensile strength among ordinary woods, 20,000 pounds to the square inch.

The United States supplies 14 per cent of the imports of foreign countries, or $2,375,476,000 worth.

Kerosene stoves are much used in France because of the scarcity and high cost of coal and wood.

Russia is to spend millions of dollars in making the port of Vladivostok adequate to an enlarged commerce.

There are in the United States two rivers each more than 1,000 miles long.

Experiments in cotton growing on a large scale are being carried on in Cyprus.

Coal exports from the United States in the current fiscal year will approximate $90,000,000 against $60,000,000 in 1903.

An Ohio manufacturing plant converts the waste steam from its dryforges into electrical power.

Twelve billion-horse power is the combined electrical power output of the 7,500 central stations in the United States.

The bureau of commerce estimates that there are at least 200,000 motor boats in the United States.

To bake the paint on its passenger cars a railroad in Pennsylvania has built a huge oven into which they can be run.

Of Ceylon's 16,307,840 acres of land only about 2,870,000 are under cultivation.

There are 19 commercial fuel-briquetting plants in operation in the United States last year.

It requires more than a century for a cedar tree to grow large enough to yield a 30-foot telephone pole.

Charlottenberg, Germany, has a four-story hotel for horses which will accommodate 2,000 animals.

An abbatoir for dogs has been ordered in Berlin to provide for the increasing popularity of dog meat as a table delicacy.

Rhodesia is distilling alcohol from corn stalks and using it for fuel in automobiles and other internal combustion motors.

At the beginning of 1913 there were approximately 12,433,000 telephones and 29,566,000 miles of telephone wire in use in the world.

Apparatus invented in England for preserving fish in carbonic acid gas under pressure is said to keep them perfectly fresh for at least six months.

A coal field that has been burning under ground for many years has been found in Germany. Shafts sunk to 18 feet opened veins of blazing coal.

Cotton seed oil imported by Italy amounted to 7,900 pounds in 1910, 27,000,000 pounds in 1911 and 42,000,000 pounds in 1912.

The number of horses in the United States increased from 13,500,000 in 1900 to 21,040,000 in 1910, in spite of the rapid development of the automobile.

At the beginning of 1912 there were approximately 12,433,000 telephones and 29,566,000 miles of telephone wire in use in the world.

Asphalt was known to the ancients and this material is said to have been employed as a binder in masonry by the Babylonians.

While Russia occupies first place among the grain-exporting nations, the empire is nevertheless, also an importer to the extent of 200,000 tons annually.

Oatmeal and rice will be substituted for pie and charlotte russe as desserts by the Harvard Dining Association, as being better brain foods.

Cuttlefish, dried, shipped from Japan last year, weighed 12,330,000 pounds, worth $1,500,000, an increase of 5,000,000 pounds and $500,000 over 1911.

Last year the United States department of agriculture issued more than 24,000,000 copies of bulletins, reports, circulars, etc.

There is an increasing tendency on the part of British emigrants to proceed to other parts of the empire rather than to foreign countries.

German scientists are trying to devise some way to utilize the vast amount of fuel contained in the five hundred square miles of peat bogs in southern Bavaria.

A Pennsylvania statistician calculates that in the last year 120,000,000 tons of water were pumped out of the mines of one company in the anthracite region.

Stumps of trees of certain kinds, such as the Cuban pine, the long leaf pine, the Douglas fir and the redwood, sometimes continue to grow for years after the trees are cut down.

Motion pictures as an aid to education in the public schools are to be tried out by the board of education in Washington, D. C. Plans for installation of the machines have been made.

The history of electricity from the beginning of its adaptation to the use of man down to date will be exhibited at the Panama California exposition at San Diego, Cal., in 1915.

Newfoundland is now regarded as one of the most promising future sources of supply of petroleum within the British empire. There are oil indications for two hundred miles along the west coast.

What might be termed an iceless refrigerator has been invented by an Oregon man, a double walled chest, between the walls of which is packed salt to protect its contents from surrounding warm air.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

The Personality of the Teacher

I HAVE been very much interested in the letters of the Peace Page, particularly those on teaching, as that is my profession. I have been led to believe that too many of our teachers do not realize the importance of their position, filling the place of the mother.

Think what it means for the emotional nature of a child to sit under the influence of a teacher for five or six hours during the day. His conduct and habits which are forming will soon give place to character, and the child's sympathy, kindness, self-reliance and thoughtfulness of others will be largely determined by the individual bearing of the teacher. We are all hero-worshipers, and particularly so are children. They do not follow abstract ideals, but they fix their eyes upon some person whose individuality kindles their admiration, and it is this that they emulate. Not always, but often, the teacher is chosen by many of her pupils. The most fruitful influences are the silent ones; her bearing, her confidence and mastery of work, ease of manner and personal appearance. From the teacher comes the moral and intellectual tone of the school, and this is perpetuated and handed down as a distinctive tradition, and it passes on from year to year and changes, but slowly.

As a rule, man gets out of his work what he puts into it; if he gives the best he has, the best will come back to him; and the teacher is no exception to the rule. If she understands her work, puts herself in right relations to it, and infuses her own spirit into it each day, she receives a wholehearted interest on the part of the pupils.

Proper discipline of pupils underlies all school work. If the school is too loosely run, good work is simply impossible. If the regulations are unreasonably strict, the school and school life loses much of the value it ought to have for the pupils.

The purpose should be to keep the school in good working order. When this purpose is subserved; when the pupils are able to make the greatest possible progress that the school affords them the opportunity of making; when the school life throws around them every influence necessary for them to come out well-developed, symmetrical beings—physically, intellectually and morally; when they develop the attributes of thoroughly self-governed individuals, prepared for good citizenship, then the conditions of what constitutes successful school management have been met.

The following was taken from an educational paper: "The twentieth century school teacher must know more, do more, and endure more than any other breadwinner. She must know everything in Heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth.

"She receives no special credit for knowing these things, but woe unto her if she knows them not. She must teach the three R's as in the olden times, but mark the additions."—Redwing of the Keystone state.

This inspiring message to teachers will meet a responsive thrill in every parent's heart. We cannot realize too keenly how essential the teacher is to the home. In talking to a dear old mother the other day, one whose boys and girls are long since married and have children of their own, she said:

"Parents should visit the schools where their children are being taught. Busy as I always was, I took time for that. During one term one of my boys had a constant cold. I went to the school, at last, as there was no cause for his malady at home. I found that he was seated immediately in front of the great stove which heated the room, and each day he contracted more cold, because he was kept too warm. At my request, that place was abandoned. Then in the matter of light and of proper desk space, parents should co-operate with teachers to bring about right conditions. The average teacher wants the school room at its best, in order to insure good results to her pupils, but she is too often handicapped by the lack of interest on the parents' part. They seem to think that the school room is a place for the children to be diverted, in order that their own home occupations may proceed easily. Personal interest of parents stimulates a teacher's zeal.'

MARTHA HOLDEN.

To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds, here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—Jas. Freeman Clarke.

A Line a Day

The Blade has been a weekly visitor to our home for two years and gets better all the time.—Mrs. H. O.

I enjoy the letters very much and they often strike a chord in my own heart as did Praying Mother not long ago.—Mrs. G. S., N. Y.

Have been a reader of the Blade for several years and enjoy the Peace Page greatly—Mrs. W. B., Conn.

The Blade is the best paper I get—newsy and educative.—Mrs. H. M., Ohio.

The Peace Page is an educator of its own class. The exchange of opinions, and various subjects touched upon in the limited space shows an upward trend of thought in some field of usefulness by Blade readers.—C. M. D., Pa.

I am an old subscriber to your good paper and enjoy every word of it.—Mrs. B. C., N. Y.

I think we should always try to look on the bright side of everything. If I have a hobby I think it is driving horses.—Dollie Cornett, Conner Rock, Va.

OUR COOK BOOK

Baked Potatoes Renewed — Cold baked potatoes are quite as good as when first baked. Pare off the skins and dispose the (whole) potatoes on the top of the stove where they will brown slightly, not burn. Turn once. When they are hot through, serve. This way takes but a few minutes. —Small Housekeeping.

Shorn Tarts—Whites of three eggs, beat with a "spoon" egg-beater steady for 15 minutes, add one cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoonful vinegar and one tablspoonful of vanilla. Beat again for 15 minutes. Always beat in the same direction. Drop from a spoon on slightly buttered pans and bake in a slow oven for one hour. When ready to serve, chop bananas medium fine, sweeten and put on the tart. On this pile whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored and a preserved cherry. Some other fruit may be used in the place of bananas.

Delight—One cup brown sugar, 1 cup granulated sugar, ¾ cup sweet cream. Cook until it forms a ball in cold water. Beat until creamy, add 1 tablespoonful peanut butter and beat until thick. Put on buttered plate and work into squares.

Did you know that equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil and turpentine mixed is the best ever to clean woodwork, doors, etc.?—Happy.

Maple Tapioca Pudding — Soak 1 cupful of tapioca in cold water or milk to civer, then cook in a double boiler until clear. Add the well beaten yolks of 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of butter, a third cupful of powdered maple sugar, and 1 cupful of milk. Mix all thoroughly, then stir in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and bake. If preferred, the whites may be reserved, sweetened, and spread over the baked pudding as a meringue, then lightly browned.

French Creams—Take the white of 1 egg and the same quantity of cold water; mix in confectioners' sugar until stiff enough to mould with the hands, flavor with vanilla, peppermint, lemon, or any other flavoring to suit taste, make into balls with walnut meats on either side or stir in chopped hickory nuts.

Caramel Cake—One-half cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoonful soda. Boil. Two, thirds cup chocolate, ¼ cup strong coffee, 2-3 cup brown sugar, 1 egg. Cool, add to cake mixture and bake eother in loaf or layers.—L. G., Pa.

POST CARD EXCHANGE

Elva Snodgrass, Walton, W. Va.

Helen Marie Satchell, Morrow, Ohio.

Genevieve Hines, Kovan, W. Va., Webster Co.

Arlomene Hayner, Waterford, Pa.

Ruby M. Strain, Hare, Ore.

Ruth Johnston, Myrtlepoint, Ore.

Nomie Nelson, Wedowee, Ala. Box 8.

Lottie Tucker, Osgood, Ind. Box 36.

Leona Carroll, Ellijay, Ga. R. F. D. No. 2.

Della Teagarden, Howard, West Virginia.

THE AIR OF SCHOOLROOMS

The New York Board of Education has taken radical action to mitigate the evil of foul air in the public schools of that city. Orders have been given that all school windows shall be opened at top and bottom during the two-minute setting up exercises at 10 a. m., 11 a. m. and 2 p. m., and shall remain open for the two-minute period. During every recess, as well as during the progress of class-room games and other physical-training exercises, windows are to be opened, and in any change of classroom, it is directed, the outgoing class shall open the windows and the incoming class close them. When a class leaves the room for recess the windows are to be similarly opened. This looks like a practical undertaking for the remedy of an evil that exists in nearly every public and private school in the United States, as well as in most public halls and many churches. Foul air makes people drowsy. Furthermore, it debilitates them, rendering them more susceptible to the germs of influenza and pneumonia. Many highly-vaunted scientific ventilating systems are inefficient and unsatisfactory. There is no surer or better way of changing the air of a room than by opening the windows. If precaution be taken that the occupants of the room are engaged in brisk exercise while the windows are open, this will keep them warm and prevent them from injury by drafts. The plan is one that seems worthy of being widely followed.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for Health, Happiness and Good cheer.

THE SUPERIOR SEX.

T. B. V., of Ohio, wants an answer on preserving husbands and wives for the purpose of debate. I have no desire to debate this subject, though I must say I differ greatly with T. B. V. on this. A man should by all means think his wife the best woman in the world, but no woman wants her husband to be deceitful, and "pat her on the back, and tell her she is the only woman," when she is not. And mind you, women are just about as quick to perceive an untruth as men, for in my opinion, women are far superior to men. In many things their intellects are keener. They will see things that men often overlook and the small things all go to make up life.

Wives who keep their husbands in "hot water," so to speak, are not wives in the fullest sense of the word. They are wives in name only. A good wife appreciates her husband, and does not care anything about his admiring other women, any more than she would a fine painting or a piece of furniture.—Sister Jenkins of Sugar Hollow, Tenn.

WITH THE OLD FLAVOR.

E. L. C., from Texas: What particular branches of instruction would you suggest as most appropriate and best adapted for our circle? We must all admit that although a civilized nation, there are still many crimes to be annihilated, much injustice to subdue, and a very wide and extensive field for improvement, morally, socially, mentally and industrially, and the only way for definite results is for the whole intelligent human race to join in the march of progress and use their assistance and influence for complete annihilation of all iniquity.

E. L. C.'s suggestion is excellent. The more instructing our letters the more success to us all. If anyone has any radical ideas, speak up. New thoughts are what we require. Never mind if others agree or not, "The strongest man is he who stands alone," you know. One of my favorite mottoes is "Do right, if the world approves or not."

"Olive Branch," I did come recently, but they transformed me into "Raoul de Coubert" and I was unrecognizable. I scarcely knew myself. But you? Why don't you join us more frequently? The old glorious days of friendly intercourse appear to have ceased. We are glad for new friends, but we can't lose the old. And do you still dream of Lorna Doone? I rather fancy that New England Girl will be compelled to overturn another cup of tea and disturb the slumber of our old comrades. Best wishes to all as ever.—Raoul de Coubert.

CONTENTMENT.

The best thing to do is to be contented, for life is too short to complain of one's misfortunes. Life to me is full of work and worry, but I have much pleasure, too. We live in a hilly part of Pennsylvania, but we have rural mail service, telephone, and trolley. We can go to market one hour and back the next; a great saving of time to the farmer. Our school houses are only two miles apart, and there are convenienient churches. Let us be cheerful. Most of us, as we look back upon our lives, realize that we have made mistakes, but we can keep on trying to improve, and to help others. —W. O. W., Pa.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

I believe, with Plain Mary, that we should have everything possible to make our homes comfortable, but when it comes that poor housekeeping would drive a man to drink, I can't believe it. Some poor weakling, who calls himself a man, and has no better excuse to offer might suggest it, but I wouldn'a think of a real man being influenced by that. What if the wife of the house would come reeling home, just because her husband was unkind to her. It would be an excuse, but a poor one.—Wanieta.

We are all "poor critters," and poor excuses are the rule with regard to our weaknesses. Doubtless the comfortlessness of a disorderly household has sent many a husband to the village saloon, where is light and warmth and companionship, and the temptation to be a good fellow and take a drink or two led to inevitable ruin. A poor enough excuse for a real man, it is true. A man who has promised to stay by the life partnership in any event; but when all is said and done the responsibility of keeping the home attractive rests with the wife. If she does her part, she has the satisfaction of knowing that she is not to blame if her husband drinks.—M. H.

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

I have been married two years and if I have any hobby it is housekeeping I take a delight in trying to do anything I think will please my husband. He says, I go crazy about the Peace Page and I certainly do enjoy reading the letters and also the questions and answers in the question bureau.—Peep from Pennsylvania.

A TRANSPLANTED READER.

The last time I called in for a chat with you all I was snugly settled among the West Virginia hills. I am now where the winds of the middle west are fanning my brow and rather cold these days, but I have a cozy corner in my house, and we are all enjoying our new home. The Blade is our weekly visitor. I enjoy the Peace Page as so many Christian people write of their pleasures here and the hope of pleasures to come. Wake up, Nellie R. N., and give us one of your good talks. Where are you Rose C.? Becky Jane, if you don't want to vote take time and tell us about the training of children, as I would like to hear how you manage the youngsters, especially the wilful ones. Love to all, especially the West Virginia ones, as that state was my girlhood home and many friends are among the hills.—N. D. C., Illinois.

Dessie Wells, Cadiz, O., keeps a scrap-book of Blade poetry. She thinks farm children have more time for the real things of life, reading and nature study.

Mothers' Day Founder

The widespread observation of Mother's Day Sunday, May 11, was very gratifying to Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of the observance. Many churches throughout the country held special services appropriate to the occasion. In Chicago there were special celebrations the day before.

Monument to Maine's Dead

IN New York city, Memorial Day, the recently completed Maine Memorial Monument will be dedicated. The Atlantic fleet has been ordered to New York to take part in the ceremonies. The battleship Maine was mysteriously destroyed by explosion in Havana harbor, Cuba, February 15, 1898, just prior to the Spanish-American war, and had much to do with the immediate precipitation of that conflict. The dead of the Maine numbered 257.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

BATTLE WITH A BUCK.

In 1905 I lived in Rudyard, Chippeway county, where the deer at that time were plentiful. One evening I went to a field to watch for deer, as they came there to feed. The moon was not very bright, but the deer could be heard on all sides. I saw a large buck running for the fence. I ranged the distance where he would jump the fence and fired; the ball passed through his brisket, he fell flat. I was soon on him and he lay still till I took hold of his horns, then up he jumped. Then the fun began. I hung on. We trampled down about an acre. Some times I was on top and then he was on top. Of all the kicking and bucking, no bronco ever was worse. But I rode him just the same; he had my wind, and I had his. Finally I got him down, and my knife out and I never stopped cutting till I had his heart out. I wish you could all see the picture of him as I have it here. Best wishes to all.—F. C. B., Chilson, Mich.

A MINER'S SON.

Will you allow a boy from North Carolina to join your happy band? I live among the mountains of western N. C. in Yancey county, just nine miles north of the highest peak east of the Rockies. It has been quite difficult to reach the summit of Mt. Mitchell up to the present time, but it is hoped that our visitors can go with much more ease this summer than heretofore as the Black Mt. Railway Co. has constructed a railroad within one mile of the top.

I go to school during the winter months, and work in a moca mine during the spring and summer. My father runs the mine where I work. He has worked under the ground most all of his life.—Paul.

THE OLD-TIME STORE.

In the early 60's my father kept a store of general merchandise in our village. He kept everything for sale from a threshing machcine down to coffin screws and Frey's Vermifuge. Adjoining the store room proper was a warerooom. Here was kept stone jars, tinware, wooden tubs of all kinds and sizes and wooden buckets. It was before the day of granite ware and aluminum had not been dreamed of.

One day when I was playing in the wareroom I found a piece of an old newspaper on a shelf; by careful spelling and reading I made out the word B-l-a-d-e. I could not imagine what that could mean, so I asked father and he told me it was the name of a paper published in Toledo, O. He had to be very explicit for I could not understand at first why a blade could mean anything but knife blade. That was my first introduction to the Toledo Blade more than 50 years ago, so when I read so many letters to the Peace Page saying they had taken the Blade for two or three years, more or less, I thought of the long while the Blade had been a weekly visitor in our home, some member of the family always being a subscriber. I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner letters. I like the Pin Money suggestions so well it seems so natural for all to be interested in making money and willing to do something useful to earn it. The different views on woman's suffrage have been amusing, but equal suffrage is bound to come whether we want it or not, so it will be soon settled without much more controversy. There is so much that is mutually helpful to use in all the letters, so much cheerfulness and courage displayed under adverse conditions, we surely all will be braver, stronger and better if we profit by what we read.—Aunt Sadie.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

After spending several years in the west, I came back to North Carolina, and I think I like this better than any state that I have been in. Yes, I came back—came all the way from Oregon to North Carolina with a wagon and team. I can't tell you about my travels now. I have read several nice letters about going back to the old home. Now, I will tell you about the way it was with me. After an absence of thirty-odd years from my native country and the home of my youth, I returned to visit the scenes of my childhood. I came to my birthplace and I said: "The friends of my youth—where are they now?" And the echo answered: "Where are they?"

Dear friends, let us fix our hearts on heavenly things that time doesn't change. We can give to new friends sympathy and love and to those gone the homage of a loving heart.—M. P. B., North Carolina.

Let us hear of the overland journey —M. H.

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

I have been a bookworm all my life, but I regard nature as the truest, noblest, sweetest and best of all books—if we except the Bible. The trouble is, few possess or cultivate the faculty to see the truth and beauty of nature, to be able to read the book. One of those few great scholars of nature was the late Joaquin Miller, who was given to see the beauties and glories, the wisdom and truth—the Deity in nature. The great book of nature simply teems with wisdom, teaching, preaching and singing to us. There are thousands of messages in nature, and few if any bad ones. I said nature was a book or library. It is even more; it is society, it is companionship. The one thing that impresses and thrilis me most of all in nature is that it possesses life. Get your Bible and concordance and consult such subjects as the "mountains," the "firmament," the "heavens" and all other subjects that suggest nature. You will be interested and edified, if not surprised, to find what a nature book the Bible is. Yours for nature.—H. G. M., Tennessee.

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE.

Your Complexion Makes or Mars Your Appearance.

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.

To every reader of this paper I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

—Free Coupon—

PEARL LA SAGE, Suite 205 2018 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am a reader of this paper and am entitled to know full details of the sensational, harmless, scientific method for giving marvelous beauty to the complexion and removing every blemish in ten days. There is no obligation whatever on my part for this information.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Our Correspondents

Mrs. Elsie Alvir's boy came home, is in school, and a joy to his mother, and promises to do well.—From his Grandmother.

How many of you are chuich goers? I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I am teacher of the primary class. I find it a very difficult matter to get the children interested with their lessons. Will some one help me out on this line, and tell me how to get the children to take more interest?—M. C. Girl.

When I get the Blade I always turn to the Peace Page first. I find lots of comfort and good cheer in the many letters. Mrs. W. H. W., Pa., my parents, too, are poor, but I was brought up by a Christian mother, who is living and also takes this paper. So I hope my letter will be in print so that she can read it. I am alone most of my time, for my husband works on the railroad, and I get very lonesome. Will some of the readers send me some postal cards for my birthday, which come July 21, 1913? Mrs. Wm. Smith, East Lake, Mich., Jones Crossing.

Mrs. Frances Slocum, 123 Huey street, South Bend, Ind., would like to exchange cards with readers on her birth date, May 13, 1876.

I like especially letters from the mountains, and would like to hear more from A. M. S., of New York.—A Peoria, Ill., friend.

My hobby, I believe, is tidiness. I love so well to see everything about my home clean and neat.—M. F., W. Va.

My father has taken the Blade ever since the civil war. Back in the sixty's I enjoyed hearing him read the Nasby letters. Elizabeth's writing seemed like balm to a wounded heart. It was uplifting and beneficial.—Aunt Day, of W. Va.

I love the Peace Page. Think it the most interesting part of the Toledo Blade. I am a girl of 17 and go to the country school. I work out summers and go to school winters. I work in the country not far from my own home. We live in Athens, Pa. I love to work on a farm outdoors as well as in the house. We milk eight cows. I help milk night and morning. I think it a great exercise. I am very fond of games, ball game, football, and shooting target, but not at birds.—N. M. S., Athens, Pa.

Will you please tell me the author of the song, "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground, Boys?"—Mrs. Mc C.

Have seen the request of C. T. L., Georgetown, Ill., on which you could give nothing. If the address is published I can give the wanted information. Will mail direct to address given. —A Subscriber.

I live in the northeastern part of Missouri in Marion county, where I think it is almost a "heavenly home." I live on a farm of 323 acres. We have some fine farm land, on which can be raised any kind of crops that can be grown outside of the tropics. This is the state where fine cattle, stock and good gfirains are raised, and I'll venture to say that nowhere will you find people that are more hospitable and generous hearted, both to strangers and among themselves, than the people in the old "show me" state. I thought the letter written by "Dowie" of Green Mountain State, was good for such a young girl. And in regard to the question that "Randolph County Boy" asked will say I'm thankful I never lived in those old days. Aren't you?—D. H., Missouri.

Mathias Walter, of Leetonia, Ohio, sends something of interest with regard to the picture of the elm tree at Maumee, published on our page a few weeks ago. He says that he saw the tree 65 years ago. It was then two feet in diameter and 100 feet high. Mr. Walter's uncle, a soldier in the war of 1812, said that the sciidiers used to "shoot Indians out of the tree," so it must have been tit for tat, for history records that Indians fired on Americans from there in the war of 1812.—M. H.

POEMS WANTED

Forgotten.
River Shannon.
Just Plain Folks.
When This Cruel War Is Over.

POETS' CORNER

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE BABY

Exchange.

An ache in the back and an ache in the arms,
All on account of the baby;
A fear and a fright and a thousand alarms,
All on account of the baby;
And bottles, and rattles, and whistles, and rings,
From cellar to attic, a clutter of things,
From morning to night and to morning again,
More fuss and more fume than an army of men,
And a head that is stupid for lack of its sleep,
And a heart where a flood of anxieties leap—
All on account of the baby.

A joy in the heart and a light in the eyes,
All on account of the baby;
A growing content and a growing surprise,
All on account of the baby;
And patience that conquers a myriad frets,
And a sunshiny song that another begets,
And pureness of soul as a baby is pure,
And sureness of faith as the children are sure,
And a glory of love between husband and wife,
And a saner and happier outlook on life—
All on account of the baby.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

Joaquin Miller.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight.
The old Greek Isles where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have gone before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Aye! Duty, and Love, and a true man's trust:
Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust.
Aye! Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

THE DAILY ROUND

By Margaret E. Hays.

Is it only washing dishes?
Is it only making beds?
Is it only tending children?
Is it only binding heads?
Is it only smoothing quarrels?
Is it only making frocks?
Is it only cooking "three meals"?
Is it only darning socks?
Is it only making pennies
Do the work of dollars bright?
Is it battling with tiny tasks
From morning until night?
Is it only smiling bravely,
When you'd like to "sob and cry"?
Is it concealing you're so tired
You'd almost want to die?
As the sun shows nature's discipline
And travels round till dark,
So you are a braver heroine
Than any Joan of Arc!

HOME, SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne.

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

I gaze in the moon as I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on that moon from her own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, gives me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

SPEAK GENTLY

David Bates.

Speak gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently; love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child:
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one:
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor:
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know,
They must have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently: He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, "Peace! be still!"

Gentleness is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

A PSALM OF LIFE

H. W. Longfellow.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real, life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust is thou art, to dust returnedth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.
Art is long and time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife;
Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present;
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:—
Footprints that, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

YOUR NICHE

Band of Hope.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill;
And it waits foday along life's way,
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true; the world wants you,
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you in the world, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For the girl who's kind and pure in mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true; the world wants you,
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill;
And work to do that no one but you
In God's great plan can fill.
So, both, be true; the world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

THE ELIXIR

By George Herbert.

(A poet in the reign of Charles I., of England.—1593-1633.)

Teach me, my God and King
In Thee all things to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.
Not rudely, as a beast
To runne into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossest
And give it his perfection.

All may of Thee partake
Nothing can be so near;
Which with his tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clear.

A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgerie divine,
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for lesse be told.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Canceling the Unkind Words.

Some of the older boys and girls have doubtless studied cancellation in school. But there is another kind of cancellation that can be used by boys and girls of all ages. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy:

"He is slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid in school," said the first boy.

"But he always studies hard," answered the second.

Thus, you see, every unkind word spoken by the first boy was canceled by a kind word from the second. Suppose that the next time we hear an unkind word we try to cancel it by putting in a kind one in its place.—Apples of Gold.

Motherless.

If you send me any cards, please send sister Ruby some, too. Our mama died last September. I go to school in the winter and work in the summer. I am 11 years old. Beside Ruby, I have two younger brothers. We have a goat we can ride and work.

Grandfather stays with us part of the time. He sent for The Blade for me. He said he took The Blade before "Nasby" died.—Ramon Simons and Ruby Simons, Enfield, Ill.

A Good Hobby.

I will tell you my hobby. It is hope and good cheer, and I think it is a good one. I love to handle horses; I live on a farm and have a team. I will exchange cards with any of The Blade readers. — Charley Foster, Appleton City, Mo., R. R. 5.

A Girl's Plea.

Have any of you lost you mamma? If you haven't, I would advise you to be kind and gentle to her, for a mother is the best friend you have.

I surely love the mothers on the Peace Page. Long may the Peace Page live.—Bettie Allen, Tallapoosa, Ga.

A Flood Letter.

I live in a town where the waters are all around me. The high water has driven me from my home and I am now living in the school house. I take boat rides and visit my home which is surrounded by water. I am in the eighth grade at school and I am very fond of all my books. I would like very much for some of the little Blade girls to write to me.—Eunice Hamilton, Gilbertsville, Ky.

By the time this is printed, Eunice will probably be home again, and we hope sincerely that neither she nor her family will suffer from their experience.—M. H.

Riddles.

I am a little girl almost nine years old. I send some riddles.

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes;
I have many arms and they're mighty all,
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows
I breathe with my hair and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.
None e'er saw me eat; I have no mouth to bite,
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In the summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

Here is another:

Very useful and very slim;
Very tidy and very trim.
Once a week they make a display;
After that they are hidden away.
Two long legs and a very small head;
If you can guess it, enough has been said.

—Constance Posten, 707 5th Ave., Longmont, Colo.

Short and Sweet.

Ercel Marie Sweet, Carlock, Ill., has been ill and is needing a cheering up shower of post cards. She is nine years old.

Clarissa M. Kilmer, Ozawkie, Kan., housekeeper for her old soldier father, would enjoy cards or letters.

KANSAS WOMAN WHO SUFFERED

From Headache, Backache, Dizziness and Nervousness, Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lawrence, Kans. — "A year ago I was suffering from a number of ailments. I always had pain and was irregular. During the delay I suffered a great deal with headache, backache, dizziness, feverish spells, nervousness and bloating. I had been married nearly three years. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now

I feel better than I have for years. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all who suffer as I did."—Mrs. M. ZEUNER, 1045 New Jersey Street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Montana Woman's Case.

Burns, Mont. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of awful backache which I had suffered with for months. I was so weak I could hardly do my work and my head and eyes ached all the time. Your Compound helped me in many ways and is a great strengthener. I always recommend it to my friends and tell them what a grand medicine it is for women. You may use my name for the good of others."—Mrs. JOHN FRANCIS, Burns, Montana.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as those above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

MAYFLOWER PASSENGERS

Will you kindly give a list of the Mayflower passengers? — C. H. S., Fairmont, W. Va.

Following is the list of the Mayflower passengers: Isaac Allerton, John Allerton, John Billington, William Bradford, William Brewster, Richard Britterage, Peter Brown, John Carver, James Chilton, Richard Clarke, Francis Cook, John Crackston, Edward Dotey, Francis Eaton, Thomas English, Moses Fletcher, Edward Fuller, Samuel Fuller, Richard Goodman, John Goodman, Stephen Hopkins, John Howland, Edward Leister, Edward Margeson, Christopher Martin, William Mullins, Degony Priest, John Rigdale, Thomas Rogers, George Soule, Miles Standish, Edward Tilly, Thomas Tinker, John Turner, Richard Warren, William White, Thomas Williams, Edward Winslow, Gilbert Winslow. With these 41 male passengerse were 15 male servants, whose names were as follows: Carter, Coper, Ely, Holbeck, Hooke, Langemore, Latham, Minter, Moore, Prower, Sampson, Story, Thompson, Trevore, Wilder.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY

Please give some information about Petroleum V. Nasby.—J. N. S., Xenia, Ohio.

David Ross Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) the American humorist and satirist, was born September 20, 1833, and died February 15, 1888. When young he learned the trade of printer, and after being connected with several newspapers, was the editor and owner of the Toledo Blade in 1865, and very soon became popular as a humorous writer and later as a lecturer. In 1860 he began to write his Nasby letters in a paper published in Findlay, and continued doing so throughout the war. The letters upheld the policy of the Lincoln administration, and had much influence in molding the opinion of the people. Later the satire of the letters was aimed at President Johnson and his methods. They were collected and published in book form under the titles Divers Views, Opinions, and Prophecies of Yours Truly; Swingin' Round the Cirkle; Ekkoes from Kentucky; The Struggles—Social, Financial and Political—of P. V. Nasby. He also published Hannah Jane; The Moral History of America's Life Struggle; and The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem.

BURR INSURRECTION

I wish you would tell me something of the Burr insurrection.—W. W. W., Mentor, Ohio.

After his term as Vice President had expired in 1805, and being indicted for the murder of Alexander Hamilton in 1804, Aaron Burr thought it prudent to go west for a time and returned with vague scheme for settling or conquering a region in the southwest, or probably beyond the Spanish border. In 1806 he raised a few score men, who in his absence were drawn up in a kind of warlike array on Blennerhasset Island in the Ohio river. He joined this force and ficated down the river, and turned into the Mississippi. His friend, General James Wilkinson, played him false. Hastily making an agreement that the Sabine river should be the temporary boundary of Louisiana, Wilkinson hurried to New Orleans, arrested some of Burr's followers, and forwarded to President Jefferson a letter in which Burr proposed to seize New Orleans. Burr was then arrested and tried for treason, but was not convicted as there was no evidence of treason.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LAND

I would like to have some information on the obtaining of government lands in Canada.—R. L. H., West Va.

The lands offered to settlers by the Canadian government are situated west of Lake Superior and to the north of Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, and east of the Rocky Mountains, in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The land is for the most part prairie, the soil being the very best alluvial black loam, from one to two feet deep with a clay subsoil. It is just rolling enough to give it good drainage, and in a great many places there is plenty of timber, and in other places it is underlaid with good coal. The entry fee for a homestead og 160 acres is $10, there being no further money consideration. The settler before receiving his patent must live upon the land for three years, a residence of six months in the year being necessary, and he must also do a small amount of cultivation. A person not a British subject may enter land for a free homestead at once on his arrival in Canada, but he must become naturalized before he can obtain a patent to the land, and he must reside three years in the country to become naturalized. Meantime he can hold possession of the land, live upon it, and exercise every right of ownership.

JANE ADDAMS

Please give a short sketch of the life of Jane Addams.—R. L. B., Lenox, Iowa.

Jane Addams, the settlement worker, was born at Cedarville, Ills., September 6, 1860. She received an A. B. degree at Rockford College in 1881, spent two years in Europe, from 1883 to 1885, studied in Philadelphia in 1888, University of Wisconsin in 1904, Smith College in 1910 and Yale in 1910. With Miss Ellen Gates Starr, in 1889, she opened the Social Settlement of Hull House, of which she has since been the head resident. She was the inspector of streets and alleys in the neighborhood for three years; president of the National Confederation of Charities and Correction in 1909. She is the author of Democracy and Social Ethics, Newer Ideals of Peace, The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets, Twenty Years at Hull House.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

What was the date of Washington's birth?—H. H. A., Otsego, Mich.

George Washington was born February 11, 1732 (old style.) The reckoning of the calendar in use at that time was changed by act of parliament in Great Britain, in 1752, the third of the month being called the fourteenth, thus making his birthday come on the twenty-second.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

L. S. H., Kent, O.—The passenger pigeons have been gradually becoming more numerous in their old haunts under the protection of game laws.—Blade, issue of May 1.

I want to thank you for the trouble of sending me the paper of May 1. Would like to believe the statement true, but will tell you frankly I doubt it very much. This is not because I do not want to find it so, for the reverse is true. I might tell you that the bird is generally regarded as being extinct. I will pay $25 in cash to anyone who can show me a live bird or a nesting bird of the passenger pigeon, Ectopistes migratorius.

This offer of $25 is made on my own personal authority. If the pigeon should actually be found I am not at all sure but what I could get three or four times that sum from some of our various bird societies. Hearsay evidence will not do. I must see the bird, or some one who can identify it with certainty.

Will you not continue the investigation and help me to verify your statements?—L. S. Hopkins, State Normal School, Kent, Ohio.

The following editorial appeared recently in the Ohio State Journal:

"Sixty or more years ago, the wild pigeons were here by the millions. They fairly covered the sky when they flew over in flocks. They sold in those days at five cents a dozen, and they were the best eating in the world; far superior to the tame pigeons we have now. Suddenly they disappeared, and in a year or two not a pigeon was to be seen anywhere. They seem to have been driven away by cruel treatment. They resented their bloody slaughter.

"There has been a strong desire to get them back. It was reported that a pair had been seen near Ansonia, Penn., and a reward of $5,000 was offered to anyone who would secure the pair alive. Thousands of people spent last Sunday scouring the woods in that vicinity, but no one succeeded in finding the pair. They are an extinct species, not exterminated by the evolution of nature, but by the devilution of man. But what a change from five cents a dozen to $5,000 a pair and none to be had at that."

CARNEGIE HERO FUND

Will you please tell what you can of the Carnegie Hero Fund?—E. M. G., Pinetree, W. Va.

In April, 1904, Andrew Carnegie created a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in efforts to save their fellowmen, or for the heroes themselves if only injured. Provisions were also made for the awarding of medals to those who did heroic acts. The endowment was placed in hands of a commission of 21 persons, all residents of Pittsburg, Pa. Charles L. Taylor is president and F. M. Wilmot secretary and manager of the fund. Mr. Carnegie outlined the scheme for the fund in a letter to the commission. It was as followws: "To place those following peaceful vocations who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until able to work again. In case of death the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until they reach a self-supporting age. For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants of sums of money may be also made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable—each case to be judged by its merits."

The fund applies only to acts performed in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the colony of Newfoundland and the waters thereof, and such must have been performed on or after April 15, 1904. Address all communications to the secretary.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. C. W., Osgood, Ind.—The Question Bureau has no statistics dealing with such an amendment.

J. L. M., Defiance, O.—The Japanese are barred from citizenship in the United States by the Naturalization law, passed by congress in 1906. They are not restricted from entering as are the Chinese.

F. O. M., Graysville, O.—The two senators from Ohio are Pomerene and Burton.

J. M. Taft, Cal.- The motorcycle record for a mile is 36 and four-fifths seconds, made by H. A. Collier, Canning Town, England, on May 5, 1909.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Glasses Absolutely Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to mail you a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" glasses (known in the spectacle business as "lenses") absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights, and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight; you'll be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Or, if you like to go out hunting occasionally, just shoulder your gun and go out into the woods some early morning and you'll be greatly delighted when you drop the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top and distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pasture at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach with them on—and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself, and after a thorough try-out, if you find that they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of your early youth, you can keep them forever without one cent of pay, and

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a good word for them whenever you have the chance.

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and age on the below four-dollar coupon at once, and this will entitle you to a pair of my famous "Perfect Vision" glasses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

Write name, address and age below.

$4 DR. HAUX The Spectacle Man ST. LOUIS, MO. $4

I herewith enclose this four-dollar coupon, which you agreed in the above advertisement to accept in full and complete payment of a brand new pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" glasses, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

My age is.....

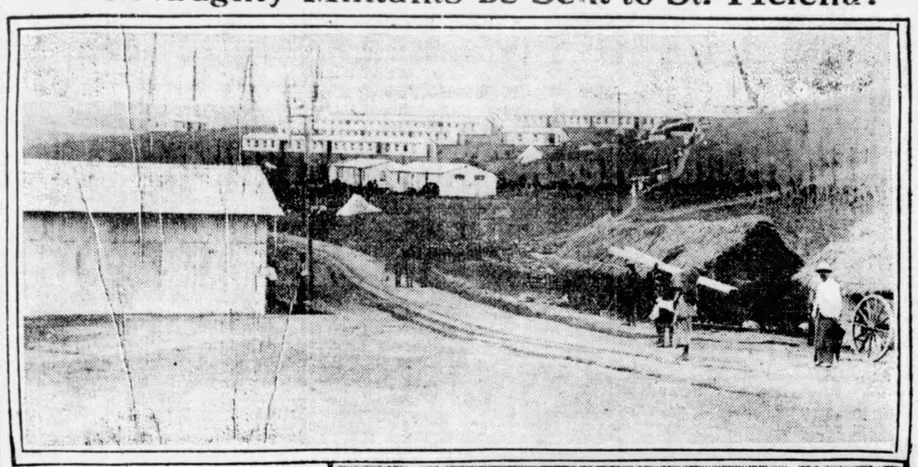
Name .....

Postoffice .....

R. R..... Box..... State.....

$4 $4

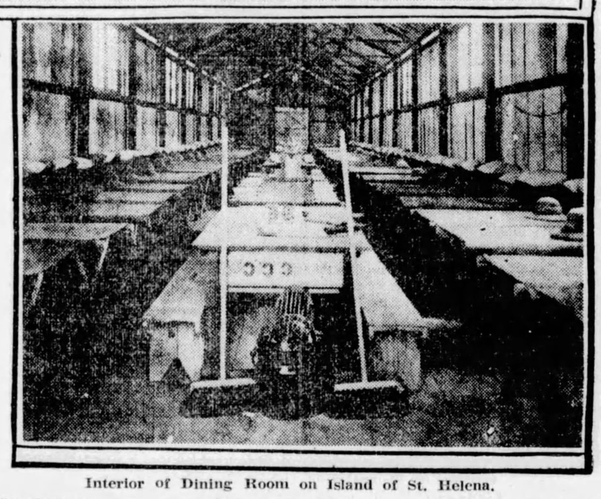
Will Naughty Militants Be Sent to St. Helena?



Scene on the Island of St. Helena, where Napoleon was held a prisoner, showing native's mud hut and tin structures in which English exiles are housed.

Exile on St. Helena is the latest suggestion for punishment for English militants. After the attempt to blow up the historic altar of St. Paul's, London, this suggestion is being taken seriously and it is not unlikely that parliament will consider it in the near future.

St. Helena is a lonely island off the west coast of Africa and was made famous as the place of exile of Napoleon.



Interior of Dining Room on Island of St. Helena.

NEBRASKA FEUD MAY BE NATIONAL

Row Between Bryan and Hitchcock May Break Forth at Any Time.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, May 10.—When will the war break out between Secretary of State Bryan, of Lincoln, Nebraska, and Senator Hitchcock, of Omaha, Nebraska? These two men represent different factions in Nebraska politics and likewise opposing forces in the Democratic regime. Senator Hitchcock was for the nomination of Speaker Clark at the Baltimore convention, while Mr. Bryan practically dictated the nomination of Gov. Wilson.

Up to this time, for the sake of party harmony in both state and national politics, these political enemies have suppressed their radical differences. But it is believed that diplomatic negotiations may cease at any time, and the break is likely to come over the appointment of an important federal officer in Nebraska.

Here's the Match.

At present the position of internal revenue collector in Nebraska, the best short time federal office in the state, is held by a Republican, Ross Hammond of Fremont. There are two prominent candidates for the position. One is George H. Loomis, of Fremont, personal friend of Secretary Bryan. Friends of Loomis and Bryan have been in Washington at various times during the past two months urging the appointment of Mr. Loomis. The other candidate is Chris. Gruenther, of Columbus, Neb., Senator Hitchcock's political agent and successful manager of the campaign which sent to the Senate Mr. Bryan's foe in Nebraska politics. Senator Hitchcock long ago endorsed Gruenther for the place.

Those at all familiar with the situation know that neither Secretary Bryan nor Senator Hitchcock want to lock horns on the matter. They are trying to avoid a fight. But if it ever comes to a show-down, there will be no compromise. The appointment of Mr. Gruenther is the one political debt that Senator Hitchcock feels he must pay, if the vacancy occurs.

It is significant that the emissaries have in no instance tried to see President Wilson. More significant is the fact that they have said frankly, "Why should we? We regard Secretary Bryan as the power behind the throne in this matter. If what Mr. Bryan will have to say to the President will not accomplish the desired result, certainly nothing we could say would have any greater influence. Mr. Bryan put the President where he is. Senator Hitchcock opposed him and supported Speaker Clark. Mr. Bryan's counsel under the circumstances ought to be final."

Although Secretary Bryan has not openly appeared in the selection of appointees to federal offices, there is little doubt that the Nebraska men are right and that the President has more than once been influenced by his diplomatic cabinet officer in the nominations thus far made. It has been recognized that there is a general tendency to overlook aspirants to office who favored the nomination of Speaker Clark. Harmony dinners to the contrary notwithstanding, it is very apparent that ill feeling still exists between Speaker Champ Clark and Secretary Bryan.

No Clark Appointments.

Although up to this time comparatively few nominations for state officers have been sent in by President Wilson, there have been enough to show that Clark supporters receive but little consideration at the hands of the appointing power, whether it be the President or the secretary of state.

The policy Secretary of State Bryan has announced in the matter of not serving wine at diplomatic dinners tends to increase the bitterness between himself and Senator Hitchcock. In itself a small thing, it marks again the fact that in Nebraska politics Senator Hitchcock stood with the liquor interests while Mr. Bryan fought them. One of the speeches best remembered in that campaign is Mr. Bryan's, in which he declared his purpose to support the Republican candidate for governor and to oppose Mr. Dahlman, his former friend and ally, the Democratic candidate for governor. The fight was over the liquor question, not a party question. Among other things Mr. Bryan then said:

"In this campaign the Democratic party in Nebraska seems bent upon engaging in a prolonged spree. It seems to me that it can result in but one thing, the death of the Democratic party in this state from an attack of delirium tremens. My principles prevent me from being a party to the orgies, or to assist in any way in the debauch."

Rewards Children of Girl He Lost

New York, May 8.—Although he lost to another man the hand of a girl he wooed in his youth, James Carew Russell, head of a coffee brokerage house here, kept green the memories of his romance and revealed them in his will in which he bequeathed $25,000 to each of the three children of the woman he had hoped some day to marry.

Russell died a bachelor and his most intimate friends were ignorant that he even had a boyhood romance.

When he left Norwichtown, Conn., as a young man in 1880, to seek his fortune in New York, he hoped to go back some day for Mary Waite, only daughter of Congressman John Turner Waite, and a niece of Chief Justice Waite of the United States supreme court. But it happened that in Washington she met John Howard Welles, a nephew of Lincoln's secretary of the navy, and accepted his proposal of marriage.

The Welles had three children, John Phillip, who is now a cotton broker in Norwich, Conn.; Winifred, aged 21, and Russell, now a student at Cornell, who was named for James C. Russell. After the death of Mr. Welles in 1907, Russell took great interest in his rival's children and on his own deathbed last March he sent word to Mrs. Welles, who was also dying, of his decision to provide for her children. She died a week ago.

New Commissioner of Corporations

Washington, May 12.—Republican senators planned to fight the nomination of Joseph E. Davies to be United States commissioner of corporations unless he resigned as secretary of the Democratic national committee.

A favorable report on his nomination was made by the senate commerce committee, but Senator Burton headed the movement to attempt to block the confirmation unless Mr. Davies severed his connection at once with the national committee.

UNDERWOOD BILL IS UP TO SENATE

Tariff Measure, Long Promised, Passes by Vote of 281 to 139.

Washington, May 9.—The Underwood tariff bill, with all its few amendments approved by the Democratic leaders, passed the house last evening by a vote of 281 to 139, with one member voting present.

This was a majority of 141 over the combined opposition of the Republican and Progressive party members. As remarkable as the size of the majority and the enthusiasm of the Democratic cohorts was the fact that there were only 12 members of the house absent out of a total enrollment of 433.

The final vote was concluded and the bill passed at 6:10 o'clock after four hours of sharp parliamentary argument and three yea and nay votes that consumed two hours.

Hoist Stuffed Donkey.

When Speaker Clark announced the vote in loud tones that reveal his satisfaction in the arrival of the day he long had sought, exhuberant Democrats hoisted a stuffed Democratic donkey over the heads of their colleagues in the rear of the chamber, a ripple of applause followed, and the gavel fell on the first chapter in the history of President Wilson's extra session of congress.

The parliamentary fight was precipitated by a last futile effort made by Representative James R. Mann of Illinois, Republican floor leared, to obtain a record vote of the Democrats upon his plan for the creation of a tariff commission, a plan which Mann had opposed when it was before a congress controlled by Republicans.

Regards Vote as Senate Mandate.

Democratic leaders today are jubilant over the strength of the support the administration tafiff bill commanded. They regard it as the strongest kind of a mandate to the Democratic senate that the administration bill must not be materially changed in the upper house, to which the measure will be sent today.

Only five of the Democrats present voted against the bill. Four of these were from Louisiana and one from New York. Even this almost microscopic loss was offset by the acquisition of four Progressive party votes, two Republican party votes and the only independent vote in the house.

Ohioans Vote for It.

The Ohio Democrats, eight of whom three weeks ago led an open investigation against the wool and sugar schedules, when the final test came, lined up solidly for the bill. All the 19 Ohio Democrats were present and voted for the bill except Representative T. T. Ansberry, member of the ways and means committee, who is in France in search of health. But Ansberry took the precaution to protect his record and was paired on all the tariff bill votes with Representative Roberts, Republican, of Nevada. If Ansberry had been able to be present he would have voted for the bill.

ARTIST'S MODEL CALLS WOMEN CLOTHES CRAZY

Los Angeles, May 9.—With many a flash from her famous slate gray eyes and an occasional tilt of a nose which Harrison Fisher, the artist, has declared the most fetching type to be seen in America, Maurine Rasmussen, "the girl with the slashing head," told how a girl should cultivate herself to be a model for a great artist.

"It takes undying sacrifice," she said. "It's a great struggle against human impulses every moment.

"Regularity of habit, untiring patience with the moods of the artist, and the ability to catch a pose and hold it are the chief requirements of Mr. Fisher's models."

Miss Rasmussen has posed for Mr. Fisher two years. Her favorite picture is the "Cowboy Girl."

"I like men," she said, "but I can't stand women. They've got too far off the normal, and only one out of every 10 speaks the truth.

"I can't stand women or anything else artificial. I like babies and dogs and some cats, because they're natural, but from women—deliver me. The women are going clothes crazy. It's all they think about—that and clamoring after the vote.

"Show girls are nearly all ladies, and they set the fashion pace for society."

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, May 5.

SENATE—Senator Works addressed the senate on the trust question, and arraigned the Rockefeller Foundation and Carnegie endowments on account of the sources of the funds. Senator Pomerene introduced a drastic resolution looking to an investigation of the administration of the civil service laws. Senator Oliver introduced a resolution calling for all papers and information relative to the request for the resignation of the collector of customs at Philadelphia. Chairman Simmons, of the finance committee, announced that there would be no public hearings on the tariff bill. A Democratic conference was called to urge Democrats to attend the sessions and maintain a quorum, so the policies of the party could be carried out. The sundry civil bill was debated for three hours, Republicans attacking the item prohibiting the use of funds for the prosecution of anti-trust cases against labor and farmer's organizations, which caused President Taft to veto the bill in the last session.

HOUSE—The house convened at 11 a. m., and resumed debate on the Underwood tariff bill. Brig. Gen. Bixby, chief of army engineers, recommended that "Buttermilk Channel," New York harbor, be made 35 feet deep and 1,000 feet wide, at a cost of $1,950,000. Representative Guernsey, of Maine, introduced a bill directing the district commissioners to "strike from the list of avenues" the name of Maine avenue.

Tuesday, May 6.

SENATE—Democrats in caucus considered Senator Newlands' legislative program, but reached no conclusion. The Oliver resolution for an investigation of the case of Collector of Customs Hill, at Philadelphia, was voted down. Gifford Pinchot, before the territories committee, told how the Guggenheims and others had prevented the development of Alaskan resources. The sundry civil bill was debated for two hours and then went over.

HOUSE—The house met at 11 a. m., and resumed reading the tariff bill for amendment under the 5-minute debate rule. Representative Britten introduced a resolution to direct action in the courts to determine the constitutionality of the California anti-alien law. Representative Broussard introduced a bill to re-establish and reorganize the commerce court.

Wednesday, May 7.

SENATE—Secretary Garrison, replying to a resolution, said that no records of the war department showed the existence of slavery in the Philippines. Senator Bacon reintroduced his bill to define the authority of the President for intervention in Cuba in the future. Territories committee continued its hearings on Alaskan problems, former Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher testifying. Attorney General McReynolds refused the request for correspondence regarding Brazalian coffee valorization dispute. The sundry civil appropriation bill, carrying $117,000,000, was passed. Senator Gallinger's amendment to eliminate the clause exempting labor and farmers' organizations from anti-trust prosecutions was rejected. A large list of nominations was sent in, including John Purroy Mitchel, to be collector of the port of New York, and Gaylord R. Saltzgaber, of Ohio, to be commissioner of pensions.

HOUSE—The house met at 11 a. m. and resumed the reading of the tariff bill for amendment; the reading was completed at a night session, and Republican Leader Mann blocked the plans for immediate passage of the measure by demanding that an engrossed copy be read by the clerk, delaying the vote until today. Representative Smith, of New York, introduced a bill providing for the registration of lobbyists in congress.

Thursday, May 8.

SENATE—The senate was not in session. The seamen's involuntary servitude bill was referred to a subcommittee by the committee on commerce, with Senator La Follette as chairman. The commerce committee ordered a favorable report on the nomination of Joseph E. Davies, of Wisconsin, to be commissioner of corporations. Republicans gave notice of a contest. Hearings on Alaskan problems continued before the committee on territories. The committee on Indian affairs directed a searching investigation of all matters pertaining to the Indians, the administration of the laws, and the personnel of the bureaus.

HOUSE—The house convened at 2 p. m. and completed consideration of the Underwood tariff bill, which was passed late in the afternoon. The leaders on both sides agreed that no business should be transacted between next Saturday, May 10, and June 1. Representative Vare introduced a bill providing a minimum wage scale of $2 per day for men and $1.50 per day for women who are employed on government work. Representative Barchfeld introduced a bill providing for voluntary admission to the Government Hospital for the Insane.

Friday, May 9.

SENATE—Tariff bill received from house and referred to finance committee for consideration. Senator O'Gorman introduced bill to return $66,000 paid for ransom of Miss Ellen M. Stone in 1901. La Fallotte bill for eight-hour day for women workers in District of Columbia ordered favorably reported. Territories committee continued its hearing on Alaskan problems. Adjourned until Tuesday.

HOUSE—Adjudged Banker Charles C. Glover in contempt of the house for assaulting Sims, of Tennessee, and ordered that a reprimand be administered. Glover appeared before bar, apologized, was reprimanded and discharged by Speaker Clark. Whaley was sworn in as a member from the first district of South Carolina. Rules committee voted for a committee on good roads.

Saturday, May 10.

SENATE—Not in session. Territories committee continued its hearing on Alaskan problems.

HOUSE—Majority Leader Underwood, Progressive Leader Murdock and Minority Leader Mann conferred on committee appointments. Passed bill to admit free of duty exhibits for San Diego exposition. Bill appropriating $600,000 for the hire of clerks for the parcel post was passed. Representative H. Olin Young, 12th Michigan district, announced his intention of resigning. Passed bill creating new district judgeship in eastern district of Pennsylvania.

MORGAN PLEDGED HIS ALL TO U. S.

Great Financier Sent a Patriotic Message to President Wilson.

New York, May 9.—"When you see Mr. Wilson tell him for me that if ever there should come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country they are wholly at his disposal."

These, the last words of J. Pierpont Morgan, spoken to Colonel George Harvey the day before Mr. Morgan sailed for Europe never to return alive, were related last night in an address by Colonel Harvey before a gathering of bankers and other representative men at a dinner of the Trust Companies of America.

Mr. Morgan was a Republican, and in the words of Col. Harvey, not only "regarded the political views advanced by Mr. Wilson with honest apprehension, but never considered the Democratic party fully capable of governing this nation." His message to the new President, Col. Harvey cited as measuring the depths of the man's patriotism.

Opposed in Politics.

"Because of contrary proclivities of my own as to Mr. Wilson, I frankly did not seek opportunities to discuss White House affairs with Mr Morgan during the past few years," said Col. Harvey. "As you all know, when he thought he was right in his judgment he was unaccustomed to betray any lack of positiveness, and there were times when his didactic faculty so closely approached the dynamic in operation that one of prudent disposition was inclined to be wary.

"But the election had taken place, the inevitable had happened, and, using Speaker Cannon's phrase, Mr. Wilson had become his President as much as mine—perhaps, in fact, a little more. Anyhow there was no constraint upon our conversation when I saw him for the last time in his library on the day before he went away. He was optimistic as ever regarding the country, and I naturally spoke hopefully of the prospects of the incoming administration.

Tells of Morgan's Scorn.

"Then followed this curious episode. Suddenly turning those piercing eyes upon me, Mr. Morgan said. 'Do you remember that American speech you made in London?' I remembered very well. It was not a speech—only a few remarks at the close of a private dinner in reply to an Anglicized sychophant who had mistakingly thought to curry favor with Mr. Morgan by speaking contemptuously of Mr. Bryan, who, on the preceding day, as it happened, I had introduced to him at a reception.

"'And do you recall,' he asked, 'those lines from Scott that you quoted when THAT MAN—I can hear now the emphasis upon those two words—when THAT MAN had left the room?'

"I did, of course, and began to repeat:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—

"I hesitated for an instant and the succeeding words came from the big armchair with odd distinctness:

"'This is my own, my native land!'

"My Own, My Native Land."

"Then very quietly Mr. Morgan asked if I could recall the remaining lines and I quoted imperfectly.

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe
Go, mark him well!

"Half a minute, gentlemen, is a long time, but for fully that period I should say Mr. Morgan sat perfectly still. Then, unconsciously beating time upon the arm of his chair as he used to do in church, he repeated, as if soliloquizing:

'Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land.'

Offers Millions to Nation.

"And rising with difficulty from his chair, for he was then quite feeble, he said, with the emphasis that only quietude can give:

"'When you see Mr. Wilson tell him for me that if there should ever come a time when he thinks any influence or resources that I have can be used for the country, they are wholly at his disposal.'"

"Barring the usual leave-taking these were the last words I heard from the lips of Mr. Morgan. They were the words of a true patriot, of a great, a very great American."

The average freight train load in the United States is, or was in 1910, 380 tons. In England the average is only about 85 or 90 tons—except on the Northeastern railway. This railway, by introducing "American methods" has, a railway journal asserts, increased its average train load to nearly 134 tons.

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I CONQUERED OBESITY PAST MIDDLE-AGE

I Ate Everything I Liked—Went Through No Exercise—Wore No Special Clothing—Took No Weakening Baths!

I Explain My Simple, Speedy Home Treatment to You—FREE!

I, Lucile Kimball, a married woman past middle-age, attacked by obesity for years, finally conquered the fat monster. Everything you ever tried, I tried. I went through exercises, rolled on the floor, cut down my food, gave up sweets, fats and starches, wore elastic clothing, tried electricity, massage, osteopathy, vibration, hot and vapor baths, swallowed pellets, capsules and teas—**gained as rapidly as I lost—and so would you with those so-called treatments.**

For years, my friends have asked me to tell them how I **got rid of fat and kept rid of it.** They know that I eat what I want—go through no exercise other than I get around the house and office; that I am **FREE** from obesity, happy, healthy, supple—and look younger by fifteen years than I actually am!

I was afraid that my **Home Treatment** might prove temporary. I waited months. **My fat did not come back.** Still, I postponed. I tried my **Home Obesity Treatment** on friends. They were equally benefited—men and women of all ages. And finally I decided **to reduce the obesity of fat men and women all over the world.**

You have figured fat by the pound. Your "methods" and "treatments" have attacked **living tissues more than fat.** What did you gain? Nothing! Your fat came back the moment you stopped your exercise or diet. It did not go if you tried anything else. But my **Home Treatment is not exercise or diet.** I say "diet" in its broadest sense—not "starvation diet," not "excessive diet," but diet of any kind.

Eat any kind of meat, vegetables, salads, pastry, fish, fowl, nuts, candy that you want—when you want it. Drink what you want—when you want it. I don't interfere with your food or drink. No bending over, rolling, playing golf, horseback riding, doing exercise of any kind. Sit in your chair at home, or in your chair at your office—and **the fat will vanish from you by the pint, quart and gallon. It goes away rapidly. It melts from your cells.** You feel better—stronger. Beauty returns to women; strength to men. You never heard of anything of the kind before in your life. Everybody says, "How wonderful!" It is marvelous beyond description, and it is **absolutely harmless.** It is so simple, you need devote only three or four minutes each twenty-four hours to its use.

Spend Just One Penny!

All I want you to do is to get my book. This explains the harm of most methods and treatments; why exercise and diet are useless. It tells how I overcame obesity, how I conquered fat; how I rid my friends of fat; how you can be free from the grip of the fat fiend. I know that you want the way pointed out for you, showing how you can reduce fat right in your own home, boarding house, while traveling or visiting. Don't wait. This book costs you nothing. It tells the how and why, and your name should be among the first to reach me. I pledge secrecy and a prompt response. This is the key to **successful, rapid fat reduction. Write today—Now!** Hurry your request—**this moment!** If you have been disappointed before, this time you will be satisfied. Write in a letter or on a post-card, "Please send Free Book showing how I can reduce my obesity at home." Sign your name and address. You are not obligated in any way. Get your request in now.

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Am Free—You Can Be Free

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225 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

CARL SCHURZ HONORED

New York, May 10.—Dedication re today of a monument to Carl hurz, "defender of liberty and friend human rights," brought tribute to memory from the President of the ited States by letter, from a number of prominent men by spoken logy, and from a host of citizens, il and military, by attendance upon dedicatory exercises.

In a letter regretting his inability be here to speak, President Wilson ote:

"One of the most gratifying elements of our national life is the part ayed by men born on the other side the water who have chosen Amerfor their permanent home and ho have caught the real spirit of our stitutions and have lent themselves all the fine force that is in them patriotic service in the cause of erty and justice. Such a man is arl Schurz, and I am happy to unite th my fellow citizens in paying a ibute of the highest respect and adiration to his memory."

A parade, consisting of United tates soldiers from local garrisons, he state militia, the Grand Army of he Republic, including most of the rviving generals who fought with hurz in the civil war, and members various German singing societies, as a feature of the day's program. he principal dedicatory addresses ere assigned to Joseph H. Choate, hairman of the Schurz memorial ommittee which raised $93,000, and Count von Bernstorff, the German mbassador to the United States.

The monument stands upon a commanding site overlooking Morningside ark, near Columbia University, and s a full-length statue on whose granite pedestal are allegorical figures epresenting the principal activities of hurz—his work in behalf of the Inian and the negro, and his contributions toward the advancement of the uman race.

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REMEDY FOR MEN

CANNOT MERGE, DECLARE BROWN

Amalgamatoin .of Progressives and Republicans in Ohio Impossible.

Columbus, May 10.—Taking the position that the differences between the Progressive and Republican party are fundamental, Walter F. Brown, Progressive state chairman and member of the Progressive national executive committee, declared in a statement issued today that an amalgamation of the parties in Ohio as proposed 10 days ago by a meeting of Republican legislators, is impossible.

Chairman Brown asserts that it would be futile and treacherous for the Progressive leaders "to attempt to deliver the rank and file of the party into the stand-pat camp." He also points out that there are no legal means of effecting such a merger.

Progressives Satisfied.

What he designates as the iniquity of the Payne-Aldrich tariff was the beginning, Chairman Brown says, of the definite movement which resulted in the foundation of the Progressive party. He predicts that with "no substantial difference between the Republican and Democratic parties," the logical trend of political thought will bring about a division into a liberal, or progressive party, and a conservative, or stand-pat party. Progressives generally are satisefied, he says, with progress already made.

Chairman Brown's flat-footed rejection of the tentative overtures for a peace pact apparently offsets the attitude taken by Harry M. Daugherty, of Columbus, chairman of the Republican state executive committee, whose retirement, together with the resignations of W. L. Parmenter, of Lima, chairman of the Republican state central committee, and of the members of the Republican executive and central committees, was suggested by the Republican senators and representatives in the meeting held at the close of the legislative session.

Chairman Brown's statement follows:

"Amalgamation between the Progressive and Republican parties, in my judgment, is impossible. Judged by their party platforms, as well as by the public acts of their leaders, they stand for totally different things.

How Movement Was Born.

"Four years ago, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff iniquity was forced on the country by the standpat wing of the Republican party, the insurgent movement in congress was born. The Progressive party is the lineal descendant of that insurgent movement. Today it numbers in its ranks not merely insurgent Republicans, but thousands of former Democrats and independent voters.

"It stands not only against the exploitation of the masses by tariff duties for the benefit of special privilege, but for equality of opportunity and genuine rule of the many. It measures the prosperity of the country, not by the amount of bank clearings, but by the health and happiness of all of its men, women and children.

Trouble With G. O. P.

"On the other hand, the Republican party today, with a few conspicuous exceptions, who will soon find their position untenable, is made up of standpatters who would solve the problems of the present and future by some rule of thumb of the past; men who believe that the masses can prosper only by the crumbs which fall from rich men's tables; men who, convinced that the people are unfit to govern themselves, cynically denounce the initiative, referendum and recall, and by the use of patronage and other devices of the boss system, brazenly override the verdict of popular primaries; men who interpret the constitution, not to 'establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," but to promote and protect special privilege.

Would Be Treacherous.

"In the face of such essential differences, for Progressive leaders to attempt to deliver the rank and file of their party into the standpat camp would be as futile as it would be treacherous.

"Every casual observer of politics has known that for several years there has been no substantial difference betwen the Republican and Democrtic parties. Each has held its share of progressives and each its share of standpatters. Such a condition could not long endure. The masses of the people cannot be permanently interested in a contest merely for the spoils of politics.

"Today a division exists in the Democratic party just as certainly as it existed in the Republican party before the Progressives left it. Of course, at present the most conspicuous thing to Democratic eyes is the pie counter. Whatever differences Democrats may have, they have none in regard to the desirability of pie. But once the pie is disturbed, the line of cleavage must surely appear, with the progressive Democrats on one side, and the standpat Democrats on the other.

To Make Common Cause.

"It follows logically that all progressives, I use the word in the broad sense, must some day make common cause, and all standpatters likewise. We shall then have in this country, as in all other countries which are governed by parties, a liberal, or progressive party and a conservative, or standpat party.

"Just what party labels they will ultimately carry, of course, no one can say, but of this I am certain, that the rank and file of the Progressive party, as it is constituted today, will be found on one side, and the rank and file of the Republican party, as it is constituted today, will be found on the other.

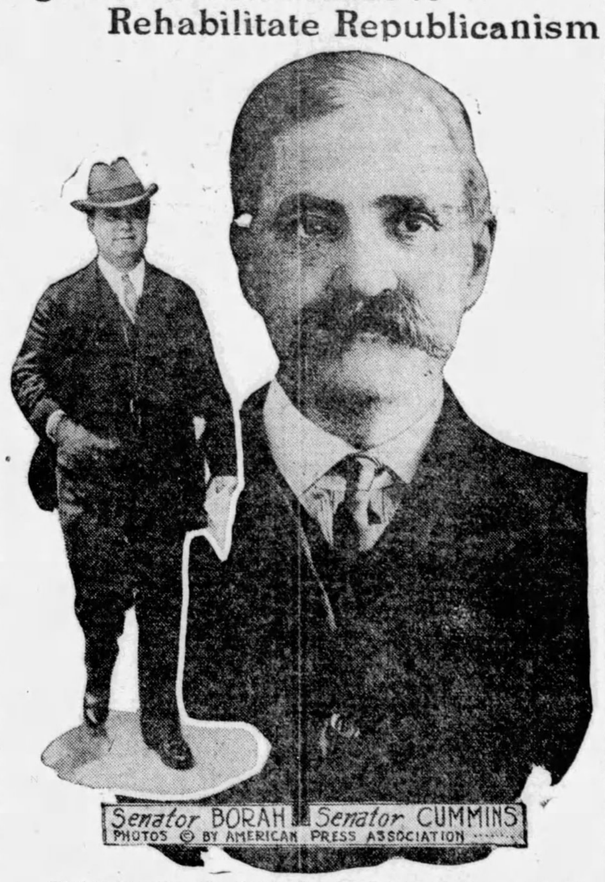
"In pointing out the incompatibility of the Republican and progressive parties, it is not necessary to dwell upon the fact that the election laws of Ohio make party mergers impracticable. All nominations must now be made and all party committees selected at party primaries.

"Republicans are prohibited from participating in Progressive primaries, and Progressives are prohibited from participating in Republican primaries. There could be no legal merger.

"It is significant that the demand for amalgamation comes with substantial unanimity from Republicans. Progressives, generally, are satisfied with the progress their party has made in less than a year. They are already the second party in the country, and while they have elected but few candidates, legislatures in the control of both of the old parties have been vying with each other throughout the country to enact into law many of the salient features of the Progressive platform.

"The Progressive party in state and nation will go forward. Our organizers are at work and are meeting with encouragement wherever they go. If here and there an individual, impatient for the rewards of political victory, falls out of the ranks, we are certain that the gap will be instantly filled from scores of voters who have standing aloof to make absolutely certain that the Progressive party is wholly sincere and free from every taint of special privilege."

Figures in Conference to Rehabilitate Republicanism



Washington, May 12.—Progressive Republican senators, representatives and state leaders are attending a conference in Chicago to discuss the Republican party's situation and the advisability of holding a national convention next fall. Senator Cummins, leader of the movement, extended invitations to liberal Republican leaders who did not join the Progressive party after the Chicago convention last June.

Senator Borah, another Progressive Republican leader, aided Senator Cummins in preparing for the conference. Some of the other senators who are interested are Bristow of Kansas, Clapp of Minnesota, Kenyon of Iowa, La Follette of Wisconsin, Works of California, Norris of Nebraska, Gronna of North Dakota and Crawford of South Dakota.

U. S. NOW SEEKS VETO OF THE ANTI-JAPANESE BILL

Washington, May 12.—The fact that Secretary Bryan had addressed an appeal to Gov. Johnson, of California, to veto the anti-alien land law, inasmuch as the governor had, unofficially at least, repeatedly declared his purpose to sign the bill as it passed the legislature, is taken in official circles here as indicating either that some powerful influences have been brought to bear upon the governor in the interest of delay, or, and more probably, that the Wilson administration is perfecting its record.

May Be Double Purpose.

In this action there may be a double purpose. First to satisfy Japan that the federal government has done all it can do to prevent the legislation under its constitutional limitations, of which many diplomats contend Japan should have been aware when it entered into treaty relations, and, secondly, to place upon the state authorities of California the responsibility for any serious outcome of the alien land legislation.

As the legislature is near the end of its session, it is said that Gov. Johnson's reply will be forthcoming today or tomorrow. If he yields to Secretary Bryan's appeal the element of urgency will be removed and Japanese land owners in California will not be in immediate danger of loss of their property, and the state department can at its leisure embark upon negotiations with the Japanese embassy for a new treaty to replace that of 1911 and to provide some permanent means of adjustment of the rights of the citizens of one country resident in the other.

Will Get Into Court.

It has been suggested that possibly by a flat declaration that neither country shall admit the right of citizens of the other to hold land in its territories, the Japanese may be satisfied.

Should Gov. Johnson sign the bill notwithstanding federal opposition, legal proceedings are almost certain to follow the first attempt of the California authorities to escheat the property of the Japanese land holders. Probably an issue could be made up immediately by some such land holder undertaking to transfer his land to another Japanese in California.

T. R. TALKS ON PEACE

Agree in Advance, Is Best Way, He Says.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., May 9.—Theodore Roosevelt would have the United States and Great Britain "agree in advance" to arbitrate any question which might arise between them. So he told the international conferees who are arranging the centenary celebration of peace among English speaking peoples in addressing them as their host yesterday at luncheon at his home on Sagamore Hill.

Although Colonel Roosevelt did not specifically mention the Panama canal dispute, he unmistakably referred to that question as one which should be settled by arbitration, if settlement could not be reached by negotiation.

"I am not myself one who readily makes a promise, but once made I should think it should be kept," he declared.

"Speaking of the extent to which he would accept arbitration methods in international disputes," reads a summary of the colonel's speech which he gave out for publication. "Mr. Roosevelt said that he was perhaps somewhat of a heretic in the eyes of his friend, Mr. Carnegie (who sat on his right) as there were certainly some subjects which under certain conditions he would never consent to submit to arbitration, but he would assure him of this—that so far as the British empire and the American republic were concerned he was prepared to agree in advance to the settlement of any question that might arise, either by mutual agreement, by arbitration or any other method that would not produce friction.

"War between these two countries was, and must be, inconceivable."

About 25 members of the conference were present. Colonel Roosevelt entertained his guests in a Khaki riding suit and spurred boots.

PARIS FETES ALPHONSO

French Capital Cordially Receives Spanish King.

By the Associated Press.

Paris, May 7.—King Alfonso of Spain reached Paris this morning with Premier Count Alvaro De Romanones for a two days' official visit. The visit is popularly regarded as a political event of the first importance, there being a general impression among the people that Spain is to become the ally of France.

President Ramond Poincaire and cabinet received the royal party at the station. The king and the president talked with animation while driving together through the Avenue Du Bois De Boulogne and the Champs Elysees to the king's temporary residence at the Palais D'Orsay.

Twenty-five thousand troops, including infantry and cavalry, lined the route, and artillery salutes were fired in honor of the Spanish monarch. An immense crowd which had gathered to await the king greeted him with loud cheering.

According to reports from the provinces there were few demonstrations during the king's jouney from the frontier to Paris. Seven arrests, however, were made of men who cheered for the Spanish anachist Ferrers, who was shot at Monjuich fortress in 1909.

MAKE P. M.'S TAKE EXAMS

Postmaster General Issues Orders Affecting Fourth Class.

Washington, May 7.—After a conference with President Wilson today, Postmaster General Burleson announced that an executive order would be issued requiring that all fourth-class postmasters now in office, or candidates for prospective appointments, should be subjected to a competitive examination to determine their fitness for the office.

TO FLY 3 MONTHS; THEN JAIL

Aviator Sentenced for Life Allowed Time to Provide for Family.

Des Moines, May 8.—Earl Lindsey, an aviator flying under the name of Earl Warmouth, convicted of attacking a little girl at Colfax, Iowa, and given a life sentence in the penitentiary, was granted three months in which to provide for his family by the Iowa supreme court yesterday. The rehearing of his case was postponed until fall, with the consent of Attorney General Cosson, upon the representation of Lindsey's attorney that he had several aviation contracts for the summer, the proceeds of which were to be turned over to his family for their support during his imprisonment.

ASK CONVENTION OF G.O.P. AT ONCE

Leaders Call Upon National Committee to Bring Followers Together.

Chicago, May 12.—First steps toward "reuniting the Republican party" were taken at a conference of Republican United States senators and other leaders of the party here today. The conference decided to ask the Republican national committee at its meeting May 24, at Washington, to issue a call for a national convention this year.

To reorganize the party "along Progressive lines," Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, and former Gov. H. S. Hadley, together with the other leaders at the conference, agreed that the proposed convention shall change the basis of representation in future conventions and make other radical changes so that the party shall stand "for constructive and progressive activities in the affairs of government."

"Sort of Lord's Supper."

"Does the suggestion to reunite the party mean that those who joined the Progressive party are to be asked to come back?" Senator Cummins was asked.

"It means just as I have said before that the convention would be a sort of Lord's supper and all those who believed might partake," replied Senator Cummins.

After the conference, which adjourned after being in session for two days, the following statement was given out:

Issue Statement.

"At an informal conference of Republicans from 11 states held at Chicago, May 12, 1913, it was voted that it be submitted to the National Republican committee as the opinion of those present, that a national convention of the party should be held this year at as early a date as may be practicable, for the purpose of considering the expediency of changing the basis of representation in future conventions so that the delegates shall proportionately represent Republican voters and not general population, to the end that the will of the members of the party may be more accurately determined; also for the purpose of changing the rules relating to delegates and members of the national committee so that the primary election laws of the various states shall be recognized and have full force and also for the purpose of making such other changes in the methods of conducting national conventions and campaigns as shall conduce to giving the utmost possible effect to the principles and policies of the party.

"It was further the opnion that such a convention might properly and usefully take any other action desirable to reunite the party and to give assurance that it stands for constructive and progressive activities in the affairs of government to the end that the common welfare may be advanced.

It was the unanimous belief of those present that the changes suggested should be made forthwith and that the national committee be urged to take such steps to such an end."

Committee Appointed.

A committee composed of Robert Luce, former lieutenant governor of Massachusetts; Senator Borah, Senator William S. Kenyon, of Iowa; W. F. James, state senator of Michigan and James A. Troutman, state senator of Kansas, had been appointed to draw up a statement expressing the sentiment of the conference. This committee drew up the foregoing and it was adopted. That concluded the conference. Senator Borah and Mr. Hadley both left immediately, each saying he had to catch a train.

Senator Borah said that while at first he had been somewhat skeptical about the benefits to be derived from a national convention this year, he finally concluded to join in the unanimous belief that such a convention should be held. Mr. Hadley, who did not participate in the conference yesterday, but came in today just as it was ending, said he was in entire sympathy with the movement.

Much interest centered about the significance of including in the statement the phrase about "reuniting the party." Senator Cummins explained that it "meant just about what it said, but that no lengthy talk had been indulged in about "inviting" members of the Progressive party to return to the Republican ranks.

Says Woman's Style Changes Cause Arson

Chicago, May 9.—Changes in styles in women's apparel have been responsible for incendiary fires, causing losses running into the millions. Assistant State's Attorney Frank Johnston, in charge of the local prosecution of the "arson trust," told members of the Chicago Engineering club last night.

"For instance, when women began wearing tight skirts there was a heavy decrease in the number of petticoats sold," he said. "Merchants overstocked with these goods called in the heads of the "arson trust" and fires were arranged.

"Those not aware of conditions thought it was remarkable that so many skirt factories burned, but the firemen understood. They were not surprised when, after aigrettes had displaced willow plumes in women's favor, there were large insurance losses on feathers throughout the country. A change in the style of shirtwaists was followed by the destruction of numerous shirtwaist factories, which in many instances was more than a coincidence."

WM. ROCKEFELLER IS BETTER

Now 73, Is Much Improved in General Health.

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., May 8.—William Rockefeller, whose health was so shattered last February that he nearly collapsed when the congressional committee investigating the "money trust" attempted to take his testimony, is believed to be now enjoying comparatively good health. The capitalist, who reaches his 73d birthday the latter part of this month, walked from his home here down to the Briarcliff Lodge, where the executive committee of the American Bankers' Association was holding its session, yesterday, and inquired where the crowd came from. When he learned of the nature of the gathering he made no effort to meet any of the bankers, as his throat weakness still troubles him. He seemed, however, much improved in general health.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, May 12.—Wheat opened steady to slightly higher today. The greatest strength appeared in the deferred options, while there was a good demand for May with offerings light. There were no cables and nothing from the foreign countries to influence the opening on this side. The strength in wheat was due in a large measure to demand from the short interest, which, it is reported, still is large.

				Close	
Wheat—Open	High.		Low.	May 12.	May 10.
Cash 1.07½	....		....	1.07	1.07½
May 1.07½	....		....	1.07	1.07½
July 91¾	91¾		91¾	91¾	91½
Sept. 91¼	....		....	91¼	91⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....		....	58	57¾
May 57⅝	58		57⅝	58	57⅝
July 58¼	58⅝		58¼	58⅝	55¼
Sept. 59	59⅛		59	59	58⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....		....	40¼	39
May 39⅝	40⅛		39⅝	40¼	39
July 38¼	38⅝		38¼	38⅝	37⅝
Sept. 37⅝	38⅛		37⅝	38¼	37¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash 13.85	....		....	13.85	13.85
Oct. 7.70	7.87½		7.70	7.82½	7.60
Dec. 7.65	7.80		7.65	7.80	7.55
Rye—					
No. 2	....		....	64	63
Alsike—					
Prime	....		....	13.60	13.60
Timothy—					
Prime	....		....	1.85	1.85
May 1.85	....		....	1.85	1.85
Sept. 2.00	....		....	2.00	2.00
Wheat—					
May 88⅞	90¾		89⅞	89⅞	89¾
July 90	90¼		89½	89⅝	89⅞
Sept. 89⅝	90		89⅝	89½	89⅝
Dec. 91⅜	91⅞		91⅜	91⅝	....
Corn—					
May 56	56½		55⅞	56¼	55⅜
July 56⅛	56⅝		56⅛	56⅝	56⅛
Sept. 57⅛	57⅜		57	57	57¼
Dec. 55	55		54⅝	54⅞	....
Oats—					
May 37	38		36⅞	37⅜	36⅝
July 35⅞	36½		35⅝	36⅛	35½
Sept. 35⅜	36¼		35½	36	35½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July 19.20	19.27		19.15	19.22	19.20
Sept. 19.02	19.05		19.00	19.05	19.02
Lard—					
July 10.75	10.77		10.72	10.77	10.75
Sept. 10.77	10.82		10.77	10.80	10.80
Ribs—					
July 10.95	11.02		10.95	11.02	10.95
Sept. 10.82	10.87		10.82	10.87	10.85

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....		....	....	98⅞
July 97⅜	....		....	97⅝	97⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May 90¼	....		....	....	90¾
July 87½	....		....	87⅝	87½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....		....	....	90¼
July	....		....	....	87⅜

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....		....	....	89
July 90¾	....		....	....	90¾

New York Produce.

New York, May 12.—Flour quiet but steady; spring patents, $4.60@4.85; winter straights, $4.40@4.50; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.15@4.25. Wheat—Scarcity of offerings, coupled with demand from pit shorts and indications of a decrease in the visible supply, resulted in a higher market this morning; July, 97⅝@98⅛; Dec., steady; short clear, $20.75@22.25. Beef, quiet; mess, $19.00@20.00; family, $23.00@24.00. Lard, easy; middle west, $10.95@11.05. Raw sugar, quiet; Muscovado, 2.83@2.86c; centrifugal, 3.33@3.36c; refined, steady; crushed, 3.50c; fine granulated, 4.35c; powdered, 4.45c. Petroleum, steady; refined New York bulk, 480 bbls., 8.50; case, 10.80. Molasses, steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, steady; No. 1, $1.10@1.15; No. 2, $1.00@1.05. No. 3, 80@90c. Hides, quiet; Bogota, 28¼@29¼c; Central American, 28¾c. Leather, steady; hemlock, first, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter steady; receipts, 4,186 tubs; creamery extras, 28½@29c; firsts, 27½@28c; seconds, 26@27c; state, dairy, finest, 28@28½c; good to prime, 26¼@27½c; common to fair, 25@26c; process extras, 28c; firsts, 27@27½c; imitation creamery, firsts, 27c; factory, current make, firsts, 26½ seconds, 25c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 23c; No. 3, 21¼@22½c. Cheese steady; receipts, 975 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh colored, specials, 13c; do. white, 13¼c; do. colored, average fancy, 12½@12¾c; do. white, 12½@12¾c; state, whole milk, fresh, undergrades, 11@12½c; state, whole milk, held as to style or quality, 10@17c; Wisconsin, whole milk, twins, held, 16c; skims, 12½@13c. Fresh gathered eggs, extra, 22@22½c; fresh gathered, storage packed firsts, 20½@21c; fresh gathered, regular packed extra firsts, 20¼@21c; do. firsts, 19½@20c; fresh gathered, seconds, 18@19c; thirds, 17@17½c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 17c; No. 2, 15¼@16¼c; fresh gathered checks, prime dry, 14@15c; fresh gathered checks, undergrades, per case, $2.00@3.90; state and nearby henery whites, good to large, new laid, 22@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby whites, defective in size, color or quality, 20¼@21½c; western gathered, whites, 20½@22c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henery browns, 22@22½c; do. gathered, browns and mixed colors, 19¾@21¼c. Dressed poultry steady; fresh killed western fowl, 16½@19c; frozen turkeys, 15@25c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, May 12.—Butter, steady; creameries, 25@27½c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 31,277 cases; at mark, cases included, 17@18c; ordinary firsts, 17@18c; firsts, 18c. Potatoes, unchanged; receipts, 105 cars. Poultry, steady; chickens, alive, 16c; springs, alive, 16c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, May 12.—Hogs—Receipts, 42,000; slow; bulk of sales, $8.35@8.45; light, $8.30@8.50; mixed, $8.25@8.50; heavy, $7.95@8.45; rough, $7.85@8.15; pigs, $6.50@8.35. Cattle—Receipts, 20,000; steady; beeves, $7.10@8.90; Texas steers, $6.75@7.75; stockers and feeders, $5.85@7.85; cows and heifers, $3.90@7.90; calves, $6.50@9.00. Sheep—Receipts, 18,000; steady; native, $5.75@6.85; yearlings, $6.25@7.50; lambs, native, $6.25@8.45.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, May 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 750; market 15c lower; veal, steady. Hogs—Receipts, 350; market steady; good to choice, $9.25@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,800; market 25c lower; choice clipped lambs, $7.50@7.65. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; market 5c lower; heavies, $8.50; mediums and Yorkers, $8.65; light Yorkers and pigs, $8.70; roughs, $7.50; stags, $6.75.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,50); prime steers, $8.35@8.50; shipping, $7.75@8.25; butchers, $8.50@8.75; cows, $3.75@7.25; bulls, $5.75@7.65; heifers, $6.25@8.00; stock heifers, $5.50@6.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.00; fresh cows and springers, $35@85. Veals—Receipts, 1,750, $6.00@9.25. Hogs—Receipts, 14,500; heavy, $8.70@8.75; mixed, $8.75@8.80; Yorkers, $8.75@8.90; pigs, $8.85@8.90; roughs, $7.65@7.75; stags, $6.50@7.00; dairies, $8.60@8.85. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 20,000; lambs, $4.50@8.00; yearlings, $6.00@7.25; wethers, $5.75@6.00; ewes, $3.00@5.50; sheep, mixed, $5.50@5.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, May 12.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,700; steady; choice heavy steers, $8.30@8.60; fat steers, $7.80@8.25; fair steers, $5.65@6.90; choice heifers, $7.50@8.00; choice fat cows, $6.00@7.00; fair cows, $4.00@4.65; butcher bulls, $6.50@6.90; milch cows, $50@90. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; steady; prime heavies and heavy mixed, $8.65@8.70; mediums, heavy Yorkers, light Yorkers and pigs, $8.75@8.80. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 11,000; slow; prime wethers, $5.70; choice lambs, $8.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,600; steady; good to choice veals, $9.50.

Cotton.

New York, May 12.—Cotton futures opened steady; May, 11.40c bid; July, 11.59c; August, 11.39c; October, 11.02c; December, 11.02c; January, 11.00; March, 11.07c bid.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 3 points to a decline of 1 point. New crop positions were relatively easy owing to reports of scattering showers in the eastern belt for Sunday and prospects for further showers during the next day or two, but the old crop was evidently influenced by nervousness over the shipments from the local stock. Business was dull all around, being restricted by the holiday in Liverpool, but the market held steady during the early trading and ruled about net unchanged to 3 points higher.

The early reaction on shower predictions carried the market off to about a shade under the closing figures of last week, but prices firmed up again toward midday on private reports of frost in North Carolina and the detailed weather reports showing unseasonably low temperatures.

Trading continued quiet, but the market ruled about 2 to 3 points net higher.

Estimated receipts at all the ports today, 8,000 bales, against 11,552 last week and 8,123 last year. For this week, 75,000 bales, against 75,890 last week and 54,648 last year. Today's receipts at Galveston, 2,044 bales, against 2,475 last year; at New Orleans, 1,450 bales, against 1,051 last year, and at Houston, 1,784 bales, against 171 last year.

Cotton futures closed steady. Closing bids: June, 11.60c; July, 11.64c; August, 11.40c; September, 11.12c; October, 11.06c; December, 11.07c; January, 11.05c; March, 11.12c. The market became more active during the early afternoon, and prices made new high ground for the movement of shorts or fresh buying by realizationists, with the active months selling about 9 to 12 points net higher. The detailed weather reports confirming private complaints of unseasonable low temperature seemed largely responsible for the advance. Spot closed quiet; middling upland, 12.10c; middling gulf, 12.35c. Sales, 300 bales.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

"Snap Shot" Money in Your Pocket

Big CASH Profits For You We will put you in your own, quick-paying business where you will make $10 to $20 a day. You can do it just the same as our other men. Here are some late reports: Cable of Wyo., writes: "Made $27.00 in 2 hours." Bryant, of Colo., made $16.00 in 6 hours. Evans of Miss., says: "Made $15.75 last Tuesday." Perry, of Ky., "Made $50.00 in 2 days." Hundreds of actual, bona fide letters like these on file.

Now is your chance to get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Be a one minute photographer. New business—tremendous opportunities—the world for your field—travel or at home—all or spare time—big, quick, clean profits at private houses, parties, picnics, on the street, in the small towns, in great cities, at fairs, carnivals, conventions, reunions, street parades, aviation meets, etc., etc.—NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Profits begin at once—first day—first minute—and you Make 500% on Every Sale. Don't delay—don't wait—act—write at once for complete free information about

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REPORT AGAINST DR. FRIEDMANN

U. S. Surgeons Conclude Investigation of German's Tuberculosis Vaccine.

Washington, May 9.—The public health service observations, so far, into the condition of patients inoculated by Dr. F. F. Friedmann with his tuberculosis vaccine, do not "justify that confidence in the remedy which has been inspired by widespread publicity," in the opinion of the surgeons who have conducted the government's investigation.

This first authentic and official conclusion from the tests was announced here today before the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis by Dr. John F. Anderson, director of the government's hygienic laboratory, and Dr. A. M. Stimson, another public health surgeon, who were detailed to observe the progress of the Friedmann patients at Mount Sinai hospital in New York.

See Harm in Publicity.

"We believe that at the present time," says their report, "we are not as yet in position to express an opinion based on the present conditions under observation. The disease for which the remedy is used is prolonged and is characterized by periods of advancement and retrogression. It is also one in which physic influences are a powerful factor. Time is therefore necessary to properly evaluate the effect of therapeutic measures.

"We must not lose sight of the possible therapeutic value of this preparation, and on the other hand, it is necessary to guard against too great an optimism in respect to its merits. Without presenting in detail the condition of patients under observation, we are in position to state that the facts thus far observed do not justify the confidence in the remedy which has been inspired by widespread publicity.

"In our opinion, harm may have been done by this undue publicity in so far as it has lessened the confidence of tuberculosis persons in well recognized methods of treatment or interrupted their use, and we are constrained to advise against any lessening of those well known measures which not only have effected cures but which have reduced the incidence of the disease. We are aware that Dr. Friedmann does not wish to be judged scientifically on newspaper statements, and he would undoubtedly disclaim responsibility for certain of those which have appeared. Nevertheless, it is on those that the public bases its opinion by reliable and unbiased scientific pronouncements supported by convincing data.

Effect on Patients.

"In our series of patients, Dr. Friedmann has almost exclusively made use of the intramuscular method alone in pulmonary cases, and a very considerable proportion of them have either developed no considerable infiltrate at all or have suffered from abscess formations. It is evident, therefore, that a very considerable portion of these patients may expect their treatment at the hands of Dr. Friedmann to extend over a long period.

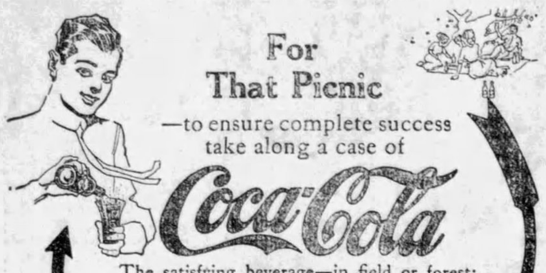
"Concerning the cultures submitted to us, we may state that a series of experiments is under way. The bacillus has been found to be an acid-fast organism having properties quite different from those of any tuebrcle baccillus with which we are acquainted. It appears to be identical with an orgaism cultivated from a few look-fulls of the material used for injection which Dr. Friedmann permitted us to place on culture media in his presence.

"We requested Dr. Friedmann to furnish us with a large amount of this material for examination, but this he has declined to do. We can state, however, that living acid-fast bacteria are being injected by the intramuscular and intravenous mether, although we are ignorant of what method they are dispensed in or what additional substance or substances may be contained in the final mixture."

The report covers exhaustively the history of the Friendmann "cure" so far as the facts have been available to the public health service from the time of its announcement in Berlin in November, 1912, and reveals the efforts of the public health service to gather maetrial from Dr. Friedmann for its investigation. On the while, Dr. Friedmann's reluctance to furnish certain details "were not satisfactory from a scientific standpoint," but, the report says, "in view of the great importance of the matter to tuberculosis patients throughout the country and in the hope that a valuable remedy might have at least been found to not only cure tuberculsis patients, but to prevent the disease, the conditions imposed by Dr. Friedmann were accepted. An additional reason for taking advantage of opportunities to make every study possible was the assurance by Dr. Friedmann of its harmlessness when injected into human beings."

Investigation Not Over.

One of the conditions imposed by Dr. Friedmann, according to the report, was that he would furnish detailed information of the methods of preparing his



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THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

AMERICA IGNORES ITS RADIUM MINES

Has Two-Thirds of World's Supply, But Never Produced Any of It.

Washington, May 9.—Although the United States has the greatest known supply of radium-bearing ores in the world, none of this precious material has been produced in this country. More than two-thirds of the radium supply of the world is being made in Europe from American ores shipped abroad. And radium is worth $2,250,000 an ounce.

These statements are vouched for by the United States bureau of mines, which has been investigating the subject. What amounted to a protest against this neglect of opportunity was made recently by Charles L. Parsons, chief of the bureau of mineral technology of the bureau, who announced that it was the purpose of the bureau of mines to encourage the development of a radium industry in the United States.

Pays High Price Abroad.

Mr. Parsons said: "The United States today is in the humiliating position of being forced to purchase at extravagant prices from abroad such radium as its hospitals can afford for experimental purposes, while we have been supplying the ore from which it is made.

"Several months ago rumors reached the bureau that in Colorado there had been an increased demand for carnotite, the radium-carrying ore, and that this ore was being shipped abroad in considerable quantity. It was also reported that the Europeans were insisting upon only the highest grades of these ores and that a great amount of lower grade ores was being wasted. R. B. Moore and K. L. Kithill, in charge of the Denver, Colo., laboratory of the bureau, were requested to investigate these rumors, and they reached the suprising conclusion that while all the radium placed upon the market in the last few years had been produced in Europe, a large portion of this had come from American ores.

Where It Is Found.

"Even before carnotite was exported, pitchblende and radium-making ore of the highest grade were being sent out of the country at the time when the world's radium output was supposed to be coming wholly from Austrian ores.

"While carnotite is found in small quantities in a number of states, the more important deposits are scattered over a considerable area in Colorado and Utah, embracing Meeker and Skull Creek in Colorado, Green River, Richardson, Table Mountain, Pahreah and other places in Utah. The largest proportion of this ore, however, has been produced in or around Paradox valley in southwest Colorado.

"In the mining of these carnotite ores it is probable that five tons of material capable of concentration are thrown upon the dump for every ton that finds its way to market.

"Pitchblende, the richest of all radium-bearing minerals, has been found small quantities in Connecticut and in the feldspar quarries of North Carolina. Practically the total American output has come from the mines to Quartz Hill, Gilpin county, California."

ADONIS WAITER WEDS HEIRESS

Handsomest Server Marries Traction Magnate's Daughter.

Boston, May 9.—George A. Lamassee, "the handsomest waiter in Boston," has captured an heiress, Miss Nancy Redding, daughter of Michael J. Redding, a Baltimore traction magnate and president of the Democratic Club of the Oriole City. The couple were married, it became known Thursday, at the Boston Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on May 1.

Lamasse hails from Providence. He was a captain of waiters at the Folies Bergere restaurant, New York city. Then he came to Boston and got a job a month ago at the Copley-Plaza hotel in the Back Bay. He waited on Miss Redding at the latter hotel, and it was a case of love at first sight.

Though Mr. Redding, it is said, often told his daughters he would rather they be wedded to working men than idle society youths, he gave a gasp, 'tis reported, when told of Miss Nancy's quick match. He barely got here in time to attend the wedding, but he gave the pair a blessing. Jack Redding, the bride's brother, was best man.

Lamassee will manage a restaurant in an amusement park partly owned by his father-in-law, at Oil City, Pa.

FREE BOOK ON DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

An interesting and remarkably helpful book on Deafness and its treatment, that should be in the hands of everyone whose hearing is failing or who has those terrible ear noises, is being given away Free of all charge by its author, Deafness Specialist Sproule of 43 Trade Building, Boston.

Every reader of this paper should turn at once to page six and read the generous offer of this famous Specialist. The book, which is illustrated with remarkably fine pictures of the ear and its parts, is full of exceedingly valuable medical information and will be of great help to all who suffer with Deafness.

BARS PINTS AND QUARTS

Atlantic City Official Orders Liquor Sold Only by Glass.

Atlantic City, N. J., May 8.—It is necessary to have a thirst a quart long if you want to buy booze in any other way than by the drink in Atlantic City hereafter.

William Bartlett, director of the department of public safety, yesterday issued a circular letter to all cafes, saloons and liquor emporiums in general that sale of throat oil, by the half pint and pint, was a violation of the law, and that the forfeiture of the liquor license would be the penalty for breaking the ukase.

"Gin mills" and the wholesalers saw a lively trade vanish with the issuance of the order.

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE

"Tis the secret preparation used by the German Canary Breeders of the St. Andreasberg, to restore cage birds to health and song, and prevent them from becoming ill. Sold by Druggists. Mailed for 15c.

CAUTION—Bird Manna is sold only in White Metal Caps with this Trade Mark in red. Beware of Imitations.

BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS 150 pages, beautifully illustrated, showing canaries in their natural colors. Full information on song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to cure them. All about parrots and how to teach them to talk. A most complete book on the subject. Mailed for 15c, or Manna and Book for 25c. by the Philadelphia Bird Food Co., 400 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 bicycle. Write for special offer.

Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models $10 to $27

1911 & 1912 Models $7 to $12

All makes and models, good as new $3 to $8

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We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts, equipment at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A 64 CHICAGO

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Biggest Diamond Value Ever Offered

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No Money Down Inspect it before you accept it.

You know our reputation as Diamond Merchants—the largest direct importers in the country—doing business for over 25 years at the same place—without change of address. Buying a diamond from us means that it will be perfect in color, correct weight and flawlessly cut, because—

You Get a Marshall Guarantee Bond

The fairest, smartest and most liberal guarantee ever written.

This Genuine Perfectly Cut Diamond of finest, blue white, a dazzling fascinating riot of sparkling fire—set in a solid gold 14K mounting, ladies' or gent's style.

Limited Offer at the price indefinitely. Send order today. No references or bond required, we trust you absolutely. If satisfactory give express agent small payment, balance, 25c each pay day. State style and finger size.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc., Dept. C, Chicago, Illinois

25¢ each Pay Day

COURTSHIP BY SIGNS

Spaniard Wins American Bride Without Talking.

New York, May 9. — Miss Alvena Amadon of Freeport, L. I., niece of Mauel Amador, president of Panama, was a little girl when her parents took her abroad 10 years ago, but she was old enough to welcome with delight the attentions of a handsome young Spaniard on the ship coming back. The Spaniard was always ready to play quoits or shuffleboard with the pretty little American girl, though he could not speak English nor she a syllable of Spanish. He bowed very low and kissed her hand when they parted at the pier and little Miss Alvena cherished his memory.

But last January a stately young man approached her at a grand ball at Cartagena, Colombia, whither the girl had gone as the guest of friends. There was something familiar in his courtly appearance and when she got back to her hotel that night Miss Amadon recalled him all at once as the Spaniard who had been so kind to her on the Atlantic liner 10 years before.

On the steamer coming back she saw the young man pacing the deck. He greeted her eagerly, though silently, bowing and smiling, but explaining with a shake of the head that he knew no English. Throughout the long voyage they paced the decks in company, dependent always on signs for their conversation.

The man introduced himself as Gerardo Nunez, a wealthy importer, with offices in Berlin, Germany, and in Cartagena, Colombia. He is a nephew of the president of Colombia. Miss Amadon's friends invited the young man to visit them in Freeport and he accepted the invitation. On April 15 they were married.

Today they sailed on the liner Almirante for Cartagena where they will live.

"'I love you' is all he can say in English and it's all I can say in Spanish, but it's enough, and we are going to be very happy," said Mrs. Nunez.

COUNT CASSINI IS DEAD

Former Russian Ambassador to Washington Passes Away.

St. Petersburg, May 9.—Count Cassini, who was at one time Russian ambassador in Washington, died here today after a long illness.

CHINA AT CRISIS, CALHOUN HOLDS

Retiring U. S. Minister, Back From East, Says Government Is in Doubt.

New York, May 9.—William J. Calhoun of Chicago, retiring American minister to China, arrived yesterday on the Kronprinzessin Cecille. Mr. Calhoun, accompanied by his wife, left Peking on February 27, and so is somewhat out of touch with current events in China.

"China is at her crucial point just now," said Mr. Calhoun, while coming up the bay from quarantine. "I have not been informed as to what has transpired recently, but up to date the powers of the central government seem limited. I mean to say that the powers of the new government are not clearly defined yet, and until they are the not clearly defined yet, and until they are the functions of the government necessarily will be limited.

"There is a division of opinion among those in politics in China as to just what the powers of the government should be. Some are in favor of the form of government that obtains in this country, while others like that of France, where practically the president has no power and the house of deputies rules. All these dissensions grow out of a fear of a too centralized power.

Trade Good Despite Revolution.

"As far as imports were concerned, the revolution did not seem to affect business much. And as far as the revolution was concerned, I think I may say it did not disturb Crina as greatly as people suppose. It was not the great uprising the outside world thought it was.

"It must be remembered that China is a very large country and that a great mass of the people do not know what is gring on in the coast cities and at the capital. They are an industriuos and peace-loving people, and it does not mean anarchy, even though political conditions are insecure.

"I don't look for any bloody war in China. The politicians will fuss about, but it will all come out peacefully. Neither do I see any war clouds between Japan and China.

"There is one element in China which has not spoken—a large and important element. This element might be called ,for want of a better term, 'the gentry,' and represented the brains and moral force of the old government. What they will do now I do not know.

Attitude of Gentry Unknown.

"Yuan Shih Kai has tried to get them around him, but so far has failed. By these men I do not mean the mandarins and officers of the old government who no longer hold office. They are all out and their places have been taken by representatives of the new government."

Mr. Calhoun did not wish to discuss the withdrawal of the United States from participation in the proposed six power loan. He did not know until he reached port that the government had officially recognized the new regime in China.

The retiring minister looked the picture of health and is much bronzed from his travels. He and Mrs. Calhoun came home via the Suez Canal and traveled in a leisurely manner through Europe and sailed from Cherbourg Wednesday last.

IMMIGRATION INCREASE

More Arrivals Than During Last Three Years.

Washington, May 9.—Immigration to the United States has been heavier this year than during the three previous years, 747,998 immigrant aliens having been admitted to this country during the nine months from July 1912 to and including March, in addition to which 140,901 non-immigrant aliens were admitted, making a total of 888,899. A total of 122,557 aliens were debarred for various causes. Emigrant aliens departing numbered 247,798, and non-emigrant aliens 198,065.

More Japanese entered the country during the nine months than during the entire previous year, 6,435, compared with 6,172, while 591 returned to Japan, compared with 1,501 during 1912. Immigrants from the Russian Empire predominated during the period, 176,252 persons from there having entered, compared with 162,395 in 1912. Italians were next with 150,383, compared with 157,134 in 1912.

LAYS LIVING COST TO STYLES

Educator Condemns Mad Pursuit of Women for Dress.

Des Moines, Iowa, May 9.—"The mad pursuit of Americain women for the varying fads of dress and their acceptance of designs from the European fashion centers as mandates in technique of dress are directly responsible for the high cost of living in this country today," asserted Professor Walter Sargent of the School of Education of the University of Chicago.

In an address before the convention of the Western Drawing and Manual Training Association, Professor Sargent said:

Traoining, Professor Sargent said:

"The American should be like the Chinese woman. She should have an established style of dress and follow that style. That is what is the matter with Americans today. The pursuit of foreign fashion in dress has caused this high cost of living."

NO SKIRTS, NO KISSING, IN 2013

Predictions in Drama to Be Produced by Women.

Washington, May 8.—Skirts will be discarded by the time the year 2013 rolls around and both sexes will parade in Oriental trousers; kissing at that time will have gone the way of the skirts and sentimental couples bent on matrimony will be compelled to approach the altar armed with personal health certificates. These predictions are made in a drama written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick, a local society woman and suffragist, which, it was announced today, is to be produced here this month for the benefit of the suffragists' cause, in connection with a morality play, also written by Mrs. Hemmick.

Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, wife of the former government pure food expert, is to take part in one of the produc-

Waited 42 Years for Lover's Return

Berlin, May 9.—Linden Julie, who took her name from the Unter Den Linden thoroughfare, on which she kept a vain watch for 42 years for the return of her soldier lover, is dead.

A mild insanity seized Julie when her sweetheart failed to return from the Franco-German war in 1871. She never lost faith that he would some day turn up, and rain or shine, huddled up in a shawl, she kept watch on the streets, each year growing more ragged and white haired. The police made an exception in her case in the rule which does not allow loiterers on the streets, as they had compassion upon the faithful Julie. A little more than a year ago she was so worn with age that she was taken to the Charity Hospital, where she died yesterday.

JAP NOW GIVES JINGOES CHANCE

However, Administration Is Confident Peaceful Settlement Will Be Reached.

Washington, May 9.—The administration is confident that the California-Japanese situation will in time be amicably adjusted. No one will be surprised, however, if a good deal of jingo talk is indulged in before a final settlement is reached. Secretary Bryan has arrived here and as soon as the President has conferred with him a communication will be sent to Governor Johnson, of California, pointing out the embarrassing position in which the legislature of that state has placed the general government, and probably suggesting that the governor veto the bill if he can see his way clear to do it.

There is no expectation here that governor Johnson will refuse to sign the bill. In case the legislation becomes effective the Japanese government through Ambassador Chinda, will formally protest. The state department now knows unofficially that this protest is coming.

To Satisfy Japs.

In this connection it may be stated as a fact that if the Japanese ambassador to the United States could be guided by his personal views or could even be guided by the Japanese ministry at Tokio, there would be no protest, but with the people of Japan showing a great deal of indignation over the action of the California legislature, the Japanese government, it is explained, is compelled to enter a protest.

There are unofficial intimations to the effect that in order to satisfy the popular clamor in Japan the protest against the legislation will be followed by Japan withdrawing from the Panama exposition to be held at San Francisco in 1915, and there are also intimations that Japan may undertake some reprisals by shutting out American trade.

May Arouse Temper.

Officials who are thoroughly conversant with the whole situation say that the action Japan will take will, in all probability, lead a good many people in the United States to display temper, when there will be in reality no occasion for such state of mind. The relations between the Japanese government and the United States government are, it is pointed out, most cordial, and are likely to continue to be so in spite of any show of resentment which the Japanese government may make in order to pacify the demands of the Japanese.

The hope and expectation of President Wilson is that the California legislation will be taken to the courts for the purpose of deciding whether the alien land law is in contravention of any treaty rights.

Guthrie Going to Japan.

George W. Guthrie, Democratic state chairman of Pennsylvania, and former mayor of Pittsburg, chosen for ambassador to Japan, paid his respects to President Wilson. Mr. Guthrie inquired as to how soon he would be expected to go to Tokio, and the President told him to suit his own convenience. Mr. Guthrie will confer with Secretary Bryan. Inasmuch as Japan has notified the state department that Mr. Guthrie will be acceptable to the Japanese government, the nomination is expected to go to the senate some this week.

China is preparing to follow Japan in protesting against the alien land bill. Ownership of lands in California by Chinese has diminished considerably within the last few years, but many Chinese land owners still are there and it is with the purpose of protecting them against loss of their property that the Chinese government is contemplating a protest.

CANNON'S CARD TABLE SOLD

Former Speaker Breaks Last Tie With Washington Life.

Washington, May 8.—The card table of former Speaker Cannon, around which many notable statesmen have met in games of chance and skill today went under the auctioneer's hammer for $16 and the gas lamp which shed its rays upon those who sat around the board brought $1.25. The last tie that linked the veteran legislator to the national capital has been broken, for when he left for his home in Danville, Ill., he took with him the furnishings which he desired. The remainder he left here to be sold.

PARLIAMENT VOTES DOWN WOMAN SUFFRAGE BILL

London, May 7.—The defeat of the woman suffrage bill in the house of commons last night is generally attributed by the morning newspapers to the women themselves—the militant ones, whose wild, law-breaking tactics alienated the sympathies of suffrage supporters.

The Times says that the embarrassment that the militants have inflicted on the cause lay like a dead weight over the whole course of the debate on the bill in the commons.

"There is not the slightest doubt that the militants have defeated their own objects," the paper continues. "The change in the political barometer cannot be mistaken. For some years past bills for giving votes to women have passed their second reading with respectable majorities. They may not have been intended to get any further, and we think there has been a good deal of hypocrisy on the part of some members who voted for their second reading, but that success has now been reversed. The majority is not very large, but in the circumstances it is decisive. It tells the militants as plainly as anything can that they are on the wrong road if they wish to get votes for women."

GAMBLING IN FRANCE

How Visitors to French Capital Are Swindled.

Paris, May 9. — The [illegible] gambling said to be rife in Paris and the manner in which wealthy visitors to the French capital are fleeced by professional gamblers working under the cloak of charitable intentions were interestingly described today in the Chamber of Deputies by the Vicomte Gustave Yves de Kerguezec, deputy from the Cotes-du-Nord.

He was speaking on a bill for the regulation of the French government's percentages taken from the receipts of race courses and from the recognized social clubs where betting and gambling were permitted.

The vicomte said that one active institution of this character sent cars to people arriving at the Paris hotels, inviting them to attend evening parties in the interest of the suppression of tuberculosis under the pretended patronage of Mme. Armand Fallieres, Mme. Emile Loubet and Mme. Felix Faure, the wives of three former presidents, and also the kings and queens of Italy, Spain and Bulgaria.

Those who accepted the invitations, he said, found brilliant salons, in which were gathered numerous persons, seemingly ladies and gentlemen, and quiet card rooms, where professional gamblers of both sexes swindled the visitors.

The Vicomte De Kerguezec deplored the French government's partnership in gambling and its share in the responsibility for the ruin every year of hundreds of families and for many suicides owing to its licensing of gambling casinos. The deputy declared he knew one financier who had made $8,000,000 out of such authorized pleasure resorts. Another one of his acquaintance had made a profit of $2,000,000.

"The French government in the year 1909 profited to the extent of $9,750,000 in percentages," said the Vicomte, "but at what a moral cost! The profit accruing to the contractors for the Casinos and other resorts was so enormous that the croupiers incomes often exceeded those of cabinet ministers. I myself know of one such employe who is receiving $18,000 yearly, while another has a salary of $12,000."

MILITANTS BURN CLUB

Destroy Nottingham Boat Club Headquarters.

London, May 12.—One of the bands of militant suffragettes, assigned to interfere with the pastimes of the men of the British Isles, celebrated Whitmonday, which is a general holiday here, by burning down the headquarters of the Nottingham Boat Club on the banks of the River Trent. The structure, which contained many valuable racing and other skiffs, was destroyed, the loss being $10,000.

BARONESS VAUGHAN DIVORCED

Report Has It She Will Wed German Army Officer.

Paris, May 10.—Within less than 24 hours after she had obtained a divorce from her second husband, Mr. Durrieux, it was learned today that Baroness Vaughan would soon marry again. Baroness Vaughan was the morganatic wife of King Leopold, of Beligum. After Leopold's death she married M. Durrieux, but entered suit for divorce, alleging infidelity. A decree was granted in her favor Thursday.

Baroness Vaughan began life as a washer woman, but her beauty attracted the eye of the aged Belgian king, woh took her under his protection and showered wealth on her. Her next husband, it is said, will be a German army officer.

DISCOVERS ANOTHER COMET

Prof. Schaumasse Makes Find at Kiel Observatory.

Combridge, Mass., May 8.—The discovery of a comet by Schaumasse, of Nice, is announced in a cablegram received at Harvard College observatory from Kiel. The comet was visible in a small telescope and was moving northeast.

ALFONSO GIVEN FRENCH HORSE

Praised Mount So Highly President Gave It to Him.

Fontainebleau, France, May 8.—King Alfonso of Spain reviewed a large force of French cavalry and artillery here today. He spoke to President Ramond Poincaire in suen an approving manner of the magnificent Norman bay thoroughbred which had been provided for him as a mount that the president presented him with the horse.

HOME RULE REINTRODUCED

Measure for Ireland Given First Reading in House of Commons.

London, May 8.—The home rule for Ireland bill was reintroduced in the house of commons yesterday by Premier Asquith and read first time under the standing order of the house, which debars debate. It will come up for second reading on June 2.

LIGHTNING KILLS FIVE MEN

Employes of Texas Pipe Line Co. Are Victims.

Collinsville, Ok., May 12.—Five employes of the Texas Pipe Line Co. were instantly killed today by a stroke of lightning. Two others were probably fatally injured. The men were driving to the company's oil field, three miles from town, when the bolt struck them.

SIX PASSENGERS ON BIPLANE

French Airman Makes a Record in Flight.

Chartres, France, May 8.—The French airman Frangeois today carried six passengers on his biplane during a 75-minute flight, the duration record for an aeroplane bearing such a large number of persons.

KAISER IS ROBBED ON TRAIN

Loses Two Handbags on Trip From Strassburg to Berlin.

Berlin, May 12.—According to the Morgen Post the emperor was robbed of two alligator handbags while returning by train from his recent visit to Strassburg. The handbags contained articles of personal use.

BUMPER WHEAT CROP INDICATED

Government Reports Condition Is Nearly 92 Per Cent of Normal.

MODERN MILLER

St. Louis, May 9.—The Modern Miller today says: The winter wheat crop is making seasonable progress under almost ideal conditions. The outlook is so uniformly good that nothing short of a calamity to the crop can prevent a large yield. Rains alternating with warm weather and sunshine cause rapid and healthy growth. Some localities report that recent rains practically assure a crop; other sections report that another good rain will mature the crop.

The crop is unusually far advanced for this time of the year.

Washington, May 9.—The first official estimate of the size of the crop of winter wheat was made today in the May crop report of the bureau of statistics, United States department of agriculture, issued at 2:15 p. m. The report shows the condition on May 1 of winter wheat, rye, meadow lands and pastures; the percentage of spring plowing and spring planting completed, the acreage of winter wheat to be harvested, the estimated outturn of the winter wheat crop and [illegible] of hay on farms May 1. The figures are:

Winter wheat—The average condition of winter wheat on May 1 was 91.9 per cent of a normal; compared with 91.6 per cent on April 1; 79.7 per cent on May 1, 1912, and 85.6 per cent the average for the past 10 years on May 1.

The area of winter wheat remaining on May 1 to be harvested was about 30,938,000 acres, or 1,449,000 acres less than the area planted last autumn, but 4,367,000 acres more than the area harvested last year, 26,571,000 acres.

The condition on May 1 is indicative of a yield per acre of approximately 16.6 bushels, assuming average variations to prevail thereafter. On the estimated area to be harvested, this would produce a final crop of 513,511,000 bushels, compared with 399,919,000 bushels in 1912, 430,656,000 bushels in 1911, 434,142,000 bushels in 1910, and 417,780,000 bushels in 1909. The outturn of the crop probably will be above or below the figures here given according as the condition from May 1 to time of harvest is above or below the average change.

Rye—The condition of rye on May 1 was 91 per cent of a normal, compared with 89.3 per cent on April 1, 87.5 per cent on May 1, 1912, and 89.6 per cent the average for the past 10 years on May 1.

Meadow, or hay lands—The average condition of meadow or hay lands on May 1 was 88.5 per cent of a normal, compared with 85.7 per cent on May 1, 1912, and a 10-year average on May 1 of 88.5 per cent.

Hay on farms—The stocks of hay on farms on May 1 were estimated to be 10,828,000 tons, compared with 4,744,000 tons on May 1, 1912, and 8,673,000 on May 1, 1911.

Pasture—The average condition of pastures on May 1 was 87.1 per cent of a normal, compared with 81.7 per cent on May 1, 1912, and a 10-year average on May 1 of 86.1 per cent.

Spring plowing—Of spring plowing, 67.2 per cent was completed up to May 1, compared with 52.8 per cent on May 1, 1912, and a 10-year average on May 1 of 65.7 per cent.

Spring planting—Of spring planting, 57 per cent was completed up to May 1, compared with 48.9 per cent on May 1, 1912, and a six-year average on May 1 of 54.3 per cent.

CROSSES SEAS 500 TIMES

Retiring Captain of Trans-Atlantic Liner Says Life Is Monotonous.

New York, May 9.—To have crossed the North Atlantic 26 times in full command of a great liner laden with precious freight and more precious lives, would appear to the landsman as a career teeming with excitement and danger. And yet to hear that grizzled veteran of the sea, Capt. Dietrich Hoegemann, about to retire from active service with North German Lloyd, one might get the impression that the life of the command of a "schelldampfer" — as the Germans persist in calling a beautiful express steamer like the Kronprincez Cecelie—was as thrilling as conducting a party of sightseers through the aquarium.

"The lives of sea captains today are monotonous," said Capt. Hoegemann, "and the experiences they go through while perhaps thrilling to the landsman, are a matter of daily routine."

Hoegemann retires at 60, after having seen 44 years' service at sea.

He has crossed the Atlantic in all 500 times.

SAYS SONG OF SOLOMON ISN'T SOLOMON'S SONG

Chicago, May 9.—King Solomon is in danger of losing his standing as a Biblical author. The "Song of Songs," long reverenced among Old Testament books as an inspired sacred writing of the wise man, is called "merely a collection of Hebrew love songs sung at ancient weddings in Palestine and destitute of religious value" by Professor Joseph D. Ibbotson, Jr., of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., in an article on "A Secular Poem," in the current number of the Biblical World issued yesterday at the University of Chicago.

Professor Ibbotson asserts that the allegorical treatment of the "Song of Songs" as a document seting forth the love of Jehovah for Israel is not to be taken seriously and characterizes the man who first devised this reading as a person "quite destitute of a sense of humor." He asserts that "it is astounding that many generations of Christian people have allegorized certain parts of the book without a shudder."

The critic affirms that it is likewise futile to regard the book as a drama setting forth a love affair of the much-experienced king, as no ancient Semitic drama existed. He identifies the persons mentioned in the Biblical book, including King Solomon, with the members of a Hebrew wedding party listening to portions of the "Song of Songs" performed by a singing guild of Jerusalem.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for pricelist paid secure territory. SHEPHARD AGENCY, Lebanon, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Rare Opportunity to make a comfortable living at home, sewing plain seams, all home work; no canvassing; state time can sew; no triflers. Send ten cents for samples, postage, etc., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, Jobbers, Sewing Dept. 42, Rehoboth, Delaware.

Ladies make supporters, $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wisconsin Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Earn $14 per 100 at home embroidering corner of imported handkerchiefs. Plain, easy hand work. Trial lot stamped handkerchiefs and instructions 20c. Sent any distance prepaid. Arabian Supply Co., J-1426 E. 32d st., Cleveland, O.

Lady Agents $5 to $8 daily. Quick selling combination. Skirt Gauge, Dress Form. Every woman buys. Sample gauge 25c. Verona Sales Co., 217 Ward Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

AGENTS.

AGENTS sell rich looking $6 by 68 Imported Rugs, $1.00 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer, selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug prepaid by parcel post, 98c. O. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

If you want to know how Farmer Smith advices people to be successful, write to The Farmer (Himself), 123 A Summit ave., Cedar Grove, N. J.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

Wanted—Agents to sell Home Remedies. Write Home Remedy Co., Fredonia, N. Y.

$5.00 a day. Work all season for good agents, demonstrating to housekeeper. Send for catalogue now. Charles J. Harris, 363 Edgecombe ave., New York City.

Agents—An Exceptional Opportunity to earn $3,000 a year and upward. Something no one else sells. Send postal today for full particulars. A. S. Shuh, Sales Manager, 1960 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—New Invention. Sell aluminum clothes sprinkler; make $3 daily; 100 per cent profit; sample 15 cents. Martin & Co., Versailles, Ills.

HELP WANTED.

Government positions open to men and women. $90.00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "lay offs." Parcels post means thousands of postal appointments. Preparation necessary. Farmers eligible. Write immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-31, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMAN WANTED

Salesman: — Capable Specialty man for state. Staple line on new and exclusive terms. Vacancy now. Attractive commission contract; $35 weekly for expenses. Miller Bixler Co., 309-17 Carlin Bldg., Cleveland, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE—Investing For Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, read this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1.000 can grow to $22.000. How to judge different classes of investments. Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 407-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SPORTING GOODS, Cards, Dice, Books, etc. Catalog free. D. B. Smythe Co., Newark, N. J.

Tobacco Habit? Pay When Cured. Quick, harmless, pleasant. Send no money, but write today. J. Edward Cook, Desk W, Wichita, Kan.

Elkorn Skin Bleach—Virgin Snow is not what than your complexion will be after you have used ELKORN'S skin bleach, the matchless skin bleach and skin food preparation. If your skin is discolored from sunburn, tan, blotches or any causes, write at once to Elkorn Specialty Co., Dept. 10, P. O. Box 115, Toledo, Ohio, for free particulars and special offer now being made.

FARMS WANTED

Farms Wanted. We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association. 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

POST CARDS.

12 Colored and Glazed View Post Cards for 10c in stamps. New Jersey Postcard Co., 1 Palisade ave., Jersey City, N. J.

PERSONAL.

What is the best way to clean the hair? Soap and water makes it fall out, but the Wonderful Sartara Shampoo Powder preserves it and makes it in fine condition. Write at once for our special offer. J. W. Holtam, Dept. A, 2[illegible] Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.

OHIO HOST TO VETS

Will Pay Expenses to Reunion at Gettysburg.

Columbus, May 9.—Ohio veterans of the Civil War who fought in the memorable battle of Gettysburg, July 1 to 3, 1863, are to be the guests of the state this summer at a reunion on the battle grounds in celebration of the 50th anniversary of that famous event.

To pay the expenses of these veterans, the General Assembly appropriated $12,000 and today Adjutant General George H. Wood issued a call for a registration of all veterans who wish to attend. Five hundred are expected to respond.

The state is to furnish transportation and subsistence to and from Gettysburg, Pa., and the national government will furnish quarters and subsistence during the stay. Veterans from other states will attend.

Governor Cox is planning to accompany the Ohio party. Former Governor Andrew L. Harris, who commanded a brigade of Ohio volunteers at the historic battle, will also attend.

Adjutant General Wood has examined the Civil War records and learned that veterans of the following Ohio regiments, batteries and cavalry companies fought at Gettysburg and are entitled to attend the reunion at the state's expense: The Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenty-fifth, Twenty-ninth, Fifty-fifth, Sixty-first, Sixty-sixth, Seventy-third, Seventy-fifth, Eighty-second and One Hundred and Seventh regiments of the Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Batteries H, I, K and L, and the two companies of the First Cavalry and the 10 companies of the Sixth.

Adjutant General Wood expects to have a detachment of medical corps of the Ohio National Guard accompany the party to furnish necessary medical attention.

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13 states; $10 to $50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. More productive land near good markets here than the same money will purchase elsewhere on earth. Get the facts. Big illustrated catalog No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 105, Pittsburg, Penna.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Write for free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

AGENTS—$24 A WEEK

New Patented Automatic Curry Comb. Cleans Horse in half the time. No clogging with hair and dirt. Every horse-owner buys. Big profits—Sworn proof. A. L. Pott says, "It's a dandy. Sold 14 last night." Free sample to workers. THOMAS MFG CO. 8678 Home St. Dayton, O.

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You, who read this, no matter, who you are, or what you are doing; no matter how low your salary, or how poor your prospects; no matter how discontented, discouraged, you are; no matter how incapable or achievement your friends think your family may think you are—you can at once become the partner of The Mail Order Wizard of America—you can begin, for the first time in your life, perhaps, to see the money roll in to you every visit of the postman, without grinding out your heart and soul and body for every dollar of it.

I, Walt C. Cunningham, right now offer you the money-making chance of your mortgage your life to me, without driving a grim, cold-blooded, Shylock's bargain with you. I started, perhaps with a whole lot more than you will start with—I started with $100, and received $650,000 in eighteen months in the mail order business. I WILL QUICKLY TEACH YOU THE REAL SECRET OF MAKING MONEY FAST—AND MAKING IT CLEANLY, LEGITIMATELY, HONESTLY, SO THAT YOU CAN LOOK THE WHOLE WORLD IN THE FACE AND DEFY IT TO SAY THAT YOU NEVER ASKED DOLLARS WHERE THEY CAME FROM. I've a book you must get by return mail and read at once. It is called, "How to Achieve Mail Order Success," and I'll make you a present of it. Read it over, and get it soaked into your system from head to heel, and get full of new hope, fire, ambition and burning determination to begin the fight in a brand new way, and under the guidance of one who has fought the same fight and won it hands down. I'll take right hold of you and show you the way from beginning to end, and work with you, help you, advise you—supply you with Money-Multiplying Ideas. Suggestions you can Quickly Coin into Cash. Methods you can Mould into Greenbacks. Swiftly-Successful Sure Selling Plans. Persuasive Literature. Cash-Getting and Inexpensive Circulars, which will sell the goods I tell you to offer.

This broad-